

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



MARCH 1951

"AMI, GO HOME!"

A REPORT FROM GERMANY

BY COREY FORD



*There's only **One**
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Bait-casting or fly rod; spinning reel or deep sea fishing — every fisherman seeks his favorite game fish with the one rod and reel he prefers above all others. In beer, too, there's only one favorite . . . and to many, that favorite is Miller High Life — *National Champion of Quality!* Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company *only* — and *only* in Milwaukee, Wis.

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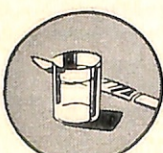
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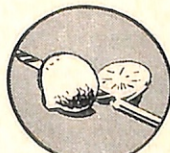
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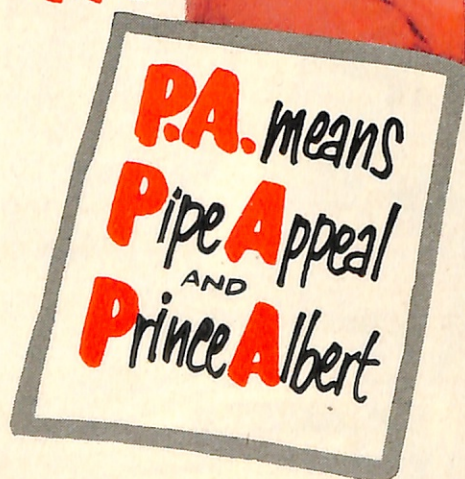
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THE

Elks

VOL. 29

MAGAZINE

No. 10

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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What Our Readers

Have to Say



Please inform readers that may doubt the football skills of Jim Thorpe to direct their communications to me and they will surely obtain a confirmation of his achievements. He played with the famous Canton Bulldogs around the early 20's, along with Pete Henry, Dutch Speck, Guy Chamberlain and the two Indians—Joe Guyan and Pete Kalac. The team maintained a training table at the Elks Club here in Canton during their playing season and conditioned themselves with the chef's largest steaks. The older members will remember well Thorpe's exhibitions with the pigskin. He was a drop-kicking specialist, fast and a "deadly" tackler. Jim will be remembered in Canton as the "All-Time All-American".

H. P. Herrman

Newark, Ohio

Yes, Jim Thorpe actually punted 100 yards and, if my memory is correct, just a little over that distance. I had the opportunity of meeting Thorpe a year ago and mentioned this matter to him. He laughed and remarked, "Yes", but he had never measured the distance himself so he was rather noncommittal about it.

L. S. Cunningham

Deer Lodge, Montana

I wanted you to know how I enjoyed the article about Jim Thorpe. My enthusiasm was doubly aroused since I was one of the spectators at that memorable game between Lehigh and Carlisle. Your description brings back vivid memories and I can still see quarterback Pazetti trying to catch Thorpe. It seems to me that it was stated also that Thorpe wasn't feeling well for the game, having a bad ankle, but he didn't show much sign of illness.

John B. McClafferty

Allentown, Pa.

Horace Sutton's article about Paris, entitled "For Elks Who Travel", has come to my attention. I read it with special interest and pleasure in view of the fact that I have just returned from a two-month trip to Paris. Kindly allow me to express my full appreciation and thanks for this very informative and well written article.

Donat A. Gauthier
Consular Agent for France

Detroit, Mich.

Thank you very much for your fine measure of cooperation in obtaining films for us for our showing on "Prospective Member" night of last night. Your time-

ly response to our call for help when the films we had ordered were not available made the event a grand success, with more than 50 prospective members in attendance, as well as more than 250 members of our lodge. This *Elks Magazine* Film Service is a grand thing and it makes it possible for lodges to plan rounded programs without too much cost.

R. R. Orr, P.E.R.

Malone, N. Y.

As a Life Member Elk, I want to commend the attacks upon communism appearing in the *Magazine*. I read and preserve them. I fear that only a small percentage of Americans have any real conception of the terribleness and danger of communism. Few things are more needed than education such as you give in these articles appearing in the *Magazine*. I wonder if there is not some way in which other organizations putting out regular publications can be interested in joining your good campaign against communism?

Kimbrough Stone

Circuit Judge, Retired

United States Court of Appeals

Kansas City, Mo.

I would like to secure 25 copies of your January issue. I want it particularly for the article by W. B. Courtney, which I think is one of the finest expositions of Soviet policy I have read. I would like to send it to a few of my friends, some of whom still think we can minimize the Soviet threat.

Harold K. Wilder

Richmond, Va.

As an Elk of many years' standing, let me congratulate you upon many articles against communism recently published. The article by W. B. Courtney, "Russia's Weapon of Satellitism", is excellent.

Edgar W. Waybright, Sr.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Both W. B. Courtney and *The Elks Magazine* are to be congratulated for publishing "Russia's Weapon Of Satellitism". It should get even wider distribution, for here is an article that gives the real answer to why we must gather our strength and what we are preparing against.

Laurence W. Giove

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I enjoy reading *The Elks Magazine* very much and was especially interested in the recent article by Dickson Hartwell concerning the timber industry and community forest projects. Being situated in the heart of the "Big Timber", we enjoy the reputation of having the largest White Pine Mill in the world and, consequently, this article was of more than passing interest to us.

J. F. Schaacken

Lewiston, Ida.

"My selling time actually shows me a profit of

\$20 to \$25 AN HOUR

with Science's New Midget Miracle, the PRESTO Fire Extinguisher



M. R. STANLEY

"Presto is the easiest selling and most profitable item I have ever sold or seen. My selling time actually shows me a profit of \$20.00 to \$25.00 per hour and I have yet to put in a 6 hour day without showing a profit of over \$100.00. For easy and profitable selling—Presto can't be beat."—M. R. STANLEY, MONTANA.

ALL over the United States, more and more men and women report large profits from introducing the new Presto Fire Extinguisher. And no wonder! 11,000 people died in fires last year! Over half were women and children! Civilian Defense authorities have said that in the event of atomic attack regular fire fighting forces will be fighting large fires and that the people must be equipped to take care instantly of the little fire that might so easily become a big one. So an eager public has been waiting for a handy new kind of fire extinguisher—one without the drawbacks of large, bulky, expensive models. Now it's here. And sales are tremendous.

Presto salesman H. J. Kerr reports making \$20 a day. R. E. Meade—\$76.56 the very first day! Peter Zuccaro, a beginner—\$169 in one week. And now this report from Stanley Hyman has just arrived:

"I have been selling the Presto Fire Extinguisher for well over a year and have found it to be the fastest money-maker and quickest-selling item ever produced. It automatically demonstrates its intelligence, sales follow automatically."

"I have made an excellent living with the Presto Fire Extinguisher, having made over \$1000 a month. Presto is a 'natural' for any salesman."—Stanley Hyman.

How You Can Make Good Money Too

You can make good money in this way too! Just start introducing this new kind of fire extinguisher to owners of homes, farms, cars, boats, filling stations, buses, trucks, service stations, factories, offices, in your locality and to stores for re-sale. The Presto is so light—so small—so handy—that even a child can put out a blaze with it. So inexpensive (\$3.98) that anyone can afford it. Yet its contents (a new wonder chemical developed during the war) have been rated 1.5 to 6 times as effective as chemicals used in other extinguishers on an equal weight basis.

And what sales advantages for you—as compared with large, bulky extinguishers that cost 4 times as much and are 8 times as heavy! Presto is easier to use. No pumping—no heavy tank or tangled tubes to struggle with. Just a twist of the knob... and flames disappear as fast as 2 seconds!

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We re-fill your Demonstrator FREE, give you FREE printed sales aids. You are not required to invest a penny.

Get started now. Every day you hesitate may cost you \$10, \$15, or even \$50 you could otherwise be making. Mail coupon NOW for everything you need. MERLITE INDUSTRIES, Inc., Dept. 123, 201 East 16th St., New York 3.

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201 East 16th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me illustrated sales literature, liberal profit plan, order blanks—everything I need to start making good money introducing Presto in my area.

☐ Check here if you wish to order a regular Presto to be used as a demonstrator (\$2.50). Pays for itself many times in increased sales. Returnable for FREE refilling as often as necessary. Send no money—we'll mail C.O.D. (Or enclose \$2.50 and WE will pay postage.)

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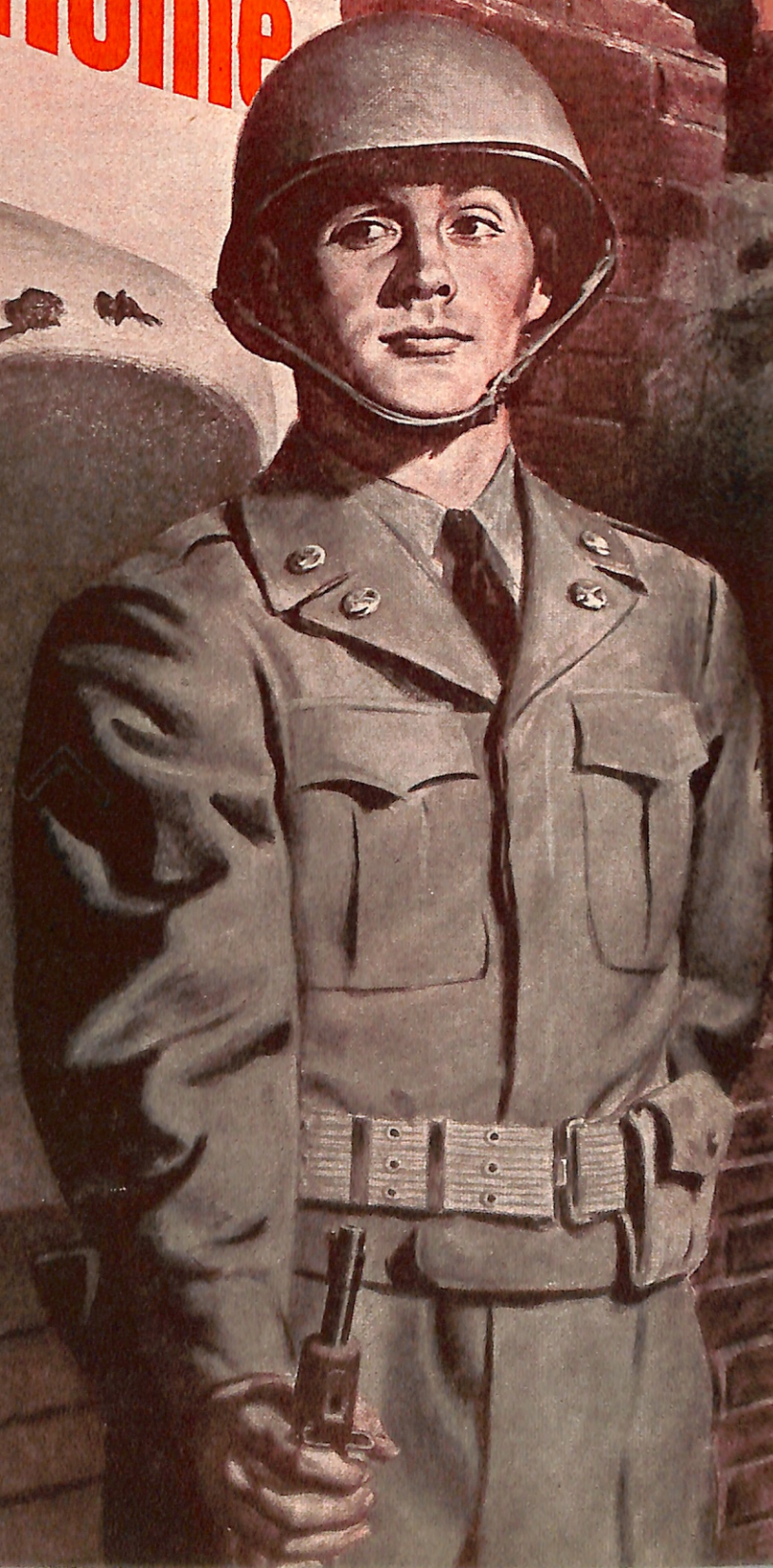
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Ami, Go Home



**A first-hand report from Germany on the Communist offensive
in Europe—and how a handful of Americans are meeting it.**

BY COREY FORD

'Ami, Go Home!'

You see the slogan everywhere in Berlin's Russian sector today. You read it on modernistic posters, above a lurid illustration of a bullet-punctured steel helmet. You find it scribbled in chalk on the brick walls of bombed-out buildings. You hear it over and over on the communist loud-speaker, blaring its defiant propaganda across the ruined Potsdamer Platz.

"Ami, Go Home!" The *ami* means American—not friend. Americans, quit Germany. Get out, ruthless American imperialists. Go back, filthy American warmongers and militarists. Go away and leave the German people. Leave them to Russia.

A city of strange contradictions, Berlin today. It was bombed and ravished as was no other city in Europe; it is rebuilding faster than London. For five years Russia has held it in the grip of a virtual blockade; when the Berliners could get no construction materials, they pounded up the rubble of the old buildings, and fashioned bricks to construct the new. Along fashionable *Kurfürstendamm*, the upper stories are gutted and empty, but at street-level the shop windows glitter with luxury items.

In one half of the city there is enterprise, optimism, courage—hope.

In the other half of the city—the Russian sector—there is misery, slavery, fear—despair.

Come have a look over here at East Berlin. See for yourself what communist propaganda is like—when you see it in the open. Absurd on the face of it; even childish. But remember always that this same propaganda, working underground where you cannot see it, has been seeping gradually through Germany, through France, through all of Europe. Clumsy though it appears, its subtle poison has soaked even into the soil of our own country, to warp unstable minds, to turn some of our liberals into fellow-travelers. Bear that in mind, as you step out of the light of the American-occupied sector and cross the street into the shadow of the Iron Curtain.

You sense the fear all around you as you pick your way through the ruins. The people shuffle past you silently, and on their averted faces is a look of mute terror, the expression of prisoners in a slave-camp. You seem to feel the suspicious eyes of the Russian guards following you wherever you go. It is not entirely your imagination; it is not very safe

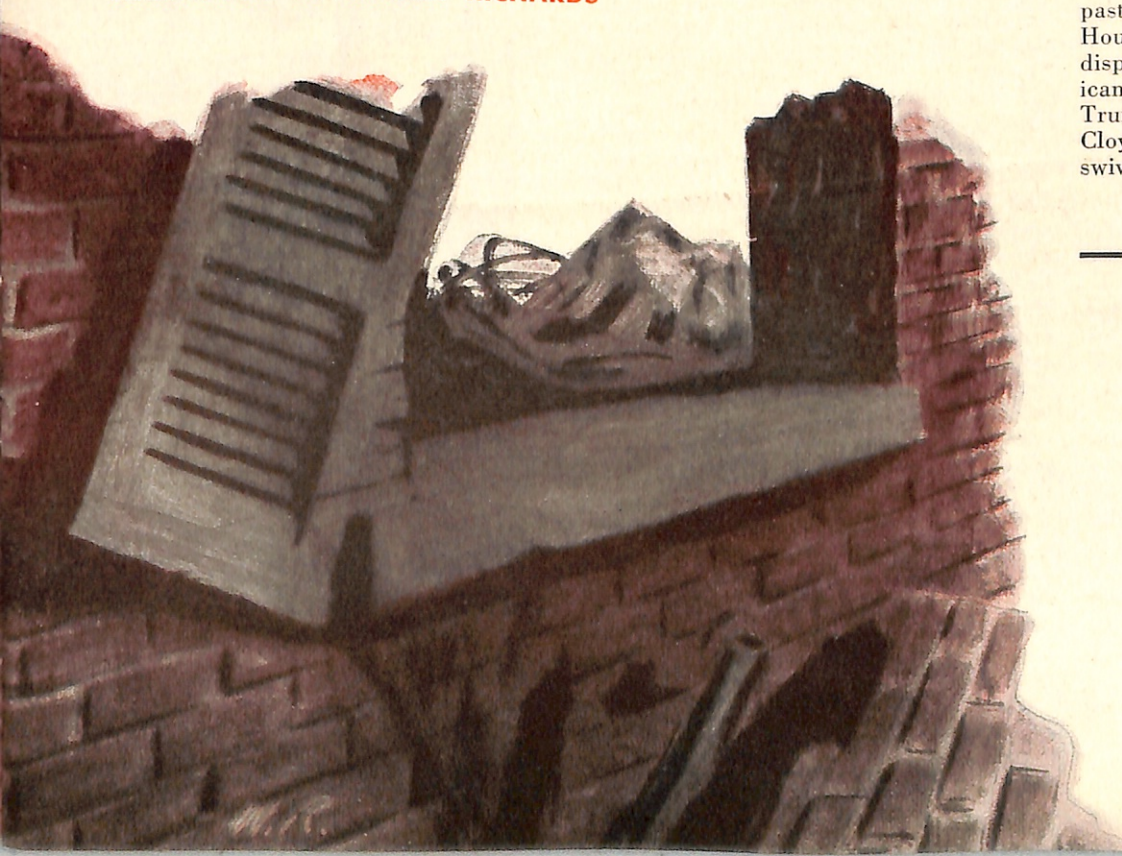
for Americans to be in the Russian sector today. You hear stories of visitors snatched off the street and held incommunicado for days and weeks of Red grilling. Soldiers in American uniform are apt to be set upon by Communist mobs, spat at, stoned. An airman may step into a *stube* for a glass of beer; a communist near the door shouts in a loud voice: "A round of drinks for everybody—the American *Schwein* will pay." He pays—or he is beaten up.

Rubble still litters the streets; there is none of the rebuilding here that you saw in West Berlin. Food is scarce; it is sold only through the Soviet O.A. stores; you cannot even order a decent meal in a restaurant unless you have a ration-card, and you cannot have a ration-card unless you are a member of the Party. The few structures that were undamaged have been taken over by the Russian administration; the ordinary members of the populace shiver in tin lean-tos and cellar hovels. Secret police are everywhere, and no man trusts his neighbor. East Berlin today is a city of death. You say to yourself with a shudder, "Suppose this were America . . ."

There is no effort to disguise the hatred of the Reds for Americans. On every side are billboards and posters, openly inflammatory. They line the stations of the *Ubahn*, the Berlin subway; they are pasted on the sides of shops; the Soviet House of Culture features a permanent display of the most insulting anti-American cartoons. Caricatures of President Truman and of High Commissioner McCloy, bloated and ugly, leaning back in swivel chairs, with dollar-signs on their

(Continued on page 39)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS



A Note About the Author

Corey Ford is the author of "Cloak and Dagger" and numerous other books and plays, and for many years has written for leading national magazines. As a Lt. Col. in the U. S. Air Force in World War II, attached to intelligence, he worked closely with the secret Office of Strategic Services and saw the effectiveness of subversive propaganda during the last struggle. He has just returned from a visit to Germany, where he talked with American officers and airmen stationed at our fighter-bases overseas. This is a first-hand report on what these U. S. forces in Europe are thinking—the unofficial and personal opinions of the Air Force people who are actually looking down the Russian gun-barrel—the feelings of our own GI's in Germany today.

Florian Slappey—Private Eye

Once Upon a Crime

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAMES LOCKHART

Florian's seven-handed draw poker game started a two-man feud.

THE shades of night were falling fast, which put them all even with the spirits of Mr. Florian Slappey, Private Eye.

He sat in his office on the fourth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building and double-checked his cash capital.

"With all my worldly goods," he murmured, "I me endow. Eighteen lousy bucks."

Miss Rosabel Johnson, private secretary to Mr. Slappey, eyed the money covetously. Her salary was considerably in arrears, and the immediate future looked dim indeed since all Mr. Slappey had in the way of clients was a dearth. She was about to make her pitch for a modest slice of the eighteen dollars when the telephone jangled. Florian grabbed it.

"Slappey Detective Agency," he said. "Me speaking."

Miss Johnson watched her employer's mood change from despondency to hope to outright glee. He finally said, with vast enthusiasm, "I'll be there all right, Lawyer Chew. I sho' will."

He put the instrument back on the hook and faced the comely Rosabel. "Full House Poker Club is meetin' tonight," he announced. "They is gwine have a stranger in their mist. Hot diggity dawg!"

"I was hopin'," ventured Rosabel timidly, "that the call was fum someone who required a li'l detectin'."

"Better'n that," stated Florian as he folded his eighteen dollars and placed it tenderly in his wallet. "Lawyer Chew says this new feller—his name is Brutus Twigg—is sittin' in on the game tonight. By tomorrow mawnin' my money will of grewed into a fortune."

Miss Johnson didn't have the heart to

dampen the enthusiasm of her boss. She wished him well and departed for the night. Florian put away his fingerprint kit, his magnifying glass and his textbook on investigative procedure and prepared for a large evening. Whistling gaily, he left the office.

Four hours later Mr. Slappey was utterly miserable. He had nothing in front of him but money, and no one sitting opposite but a brand new, grimly vindictive, physically powerful enemy.

The new enemy was the guest of the evening, Mr. Brutus Twigg. He was a dark and mammoth gentleman with evil eyes and bulging biceps. He was playing desperately, and directing all his rancor against the dapper, debonair Florian Slappey.

From the first half-hour, this seven-handed game had developed into a personal feud between Messrs. Slappey and Twigg. The other regular members of the Full House Poker Club were interested spectators—nothing more. There were Lawyer Chew, Jasper de Void, Epic Peters, Semore Mashby and Acey Upshaw. Financially, they all stood just about where they had before the game started. At the moment, Florian was the only winner; Brutus Twigg the sole loser.

Mr. Twigg didn't like what was happening. For some time it had been apparent that every really big pot narrowed down to a duel between himself and the elegant little man across the table; the suave, smiling, confident Mr. Slappey. And invariably, when the showdown came, Mr. Twigg's hand was slightly—but devastatingly—inferior to the five cards held by his *bête noire*.

The fact that this situation developed



on several occasions when Florian had dealt did not serve to allay Mr. Twigg's anger or suspicion. For more than an hour he had been muttering dire things which had to do with second-carding and dealing from the bottom of the deck. Quite openly, he exhibited distaste for—and distrust of—Mr. Slaphey. He was constantly on the threshold of openly accusing Florian of chicanery and of busting him on the nose.

Florian knew—as did all the other members of the club—that he was playing a fair, legitimate, honest game. He knew that luck was running with him, and also that he possessed superior skill. But there was something in the baleful glances Brutus cast his way which caused

him to shudder. He had a disturbing suspicion that on the slightest provocation Mr. Twigg could be induced to commence a spot of mayhem with Mr. Slaphey as the mayhemee.

"Just leave me catch you pullin' a fast one," growled Brutus Twigg, "an' I'll tear you limp fum limp."

"You ain't goin' to catch me."

"You mean I ain't slick enough?"

"I mean I ain't cheatin'."

"Hmph!" It was obvious that Brutus was considerably less than convinced. His losses were not only mounting, but they were not evenly divided. Florian had all his money.

"Call yo'se'f a Private Eye," sneered Mr. Twigg. "Next thing you'll claim they

is X-ray eyes, an' you can see right thoo the backs of my cards."

Florian smiled and shrugged. "Nothin' like that," he explained happily. "I just got mo' brains than you."

As the night wore on the game grew more tense. Mr. Twigg watched Florian like a hawk for any sign of unethical manipulation. The enmity was out in the open now, a strong, two-handed enmity, stark and portentous. As Florian raked in a particularly juicy pot, to which Brutus had been the chief contributor, Mr. Twigg said, "One mo' time, feller, an' you will happen to be a terrible accident."

Worry commenced to gnaw at Mr. Twigg. (Continued on page 48)

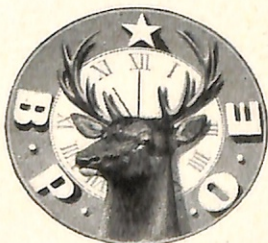
Florian half-ran, half-skidded across Eighteenth Street, narrowly avoiding disaster in the heavy night traffic.





ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

LEADERS OF ELKDOM AT WORK



to his term of office by the Grand Exalted Ruler and confirmed by the Grand Lodge. They serve entirely without compensation.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

Since the close of World War II, the major activity of this Commission has been work in behalf of the disabled veterans, which recently has been carried on in 146 veterans hospitals. The Elks National Service Commission provides not only outstanding entertainment but also the materials that will help the veteran to become again a useful member of his community.

The Commission has reactivated its wartime service center program. Seven centers, where all men and women in uniform are eligible to enjoy facilities—including showers, snack bars for light refreshments, games, juke boxes, television, books, magazines, newspapers and writing materials—now are in operation. Supervised dancing and other planned entertainment also are provided.

These centers are located in Santa Maria, Cal., for Camp Cooke; Trenton, N. J., for Fort Dix; Louisville, Ky., for Fort Knox; Columbus, Ga., for Fort Benning; Wilmington, N. C., for Marines at Camp LeJeune; Tucson, Ariz., for Davis-Monthan Air Base and Waukegan, Ill., for Great Lakes Naval Training Station and Fort Sheridan.

Several months ago Elk Lodges throughout the country were inspired by the Commission to stage "Wake Up, America!" programs to arouse their communities to the urgent necessity

of preparedness to defend America against the Kremlin's scheme for conquest.

This was followed in November and December with a "Keep Awake, America!" program of the same character and purpose. Members of the Commission from left to right in the photograph on this page are Past Grand Exalted Rulers: Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis.; Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, Ore.; Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va.; E. Mark Sullivan, Secretary, Boston, Mass.; James T. Hallinan, Chairman, Queens Borough, N. Y.; David Sholtz, Treasurer, Daytona Beach, Fla.; Henry C. Warner, Vice-Chairman, Dixon, Ill.; George I. Hall, Assistant Treasurer, Lynbrook, N. Y., and Emmett T. Anderson, Tacoma, Wash.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

The Foundation Trustees use the income, and the income only, of the fund entrusted to their charge, amounting to \$2,500,000, both for direct benefactions and for assistance to the State Associations and subordinate lodges in beneficent activities of their own selection. Aid to deserving young students in the form of substantial scholarship awards is one of the important contributions of the Foundation Trustees. Another activity which has received particular attention among the charitable, educational and philanthropic movements to which the Trustees have contributed is the care of crippled children. Recently, the Foundation instituted a program to provide funds for training doctors, therapists and nurses for cerebral palsy work to assist in meeting the need for trained personnel now sorely lacking for the care of those handicapped by that dread affliction.

The members of the Foundation from left to right on page 9 are Past Grand Exalted Rulers: Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman, Napa, Calif.; John F. Malley, Chairman, Springfield, Mass.; Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary, Moline, Ill. and L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, Calif. The vacant chair



ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

was occupied by Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, O., who had to leave the meeting before the photograph was taken. However, Dr. McCormick is shown in the inset photograph.

ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

There was established by the Grand Lodge at its 1921 session the National Memorial Headquarters Commission which was empowered to proceed with the erection of a national memorial building and the establishment of a national journal to be known as *The Elks Magazine*.

In 1931, the name of the Commission was changed to the National Memorial and Publication Commission. Since the erection of the magnificent National Memorial Building at Chicago in memory of the members of the Order participating in World War I and rededicated as a memorial to the Elks serving in World War II, the Commission has continued to

have the responsibility of the maintenance and management of this memorial.

The Commission also has entire responsibility for the management of *The Elks Magazine*. At the Grand Lodge session of 1950, the Commission reported that the amount turned over to the Grand Lodge out of the earnings of *The Elks Magazine* for the 28 years of its existence had been \$5,130,314.56.

In 1946, following the final report of the Elks War Commission, which also had responsibility for the Public Relations of the Order, that work was placed in the Commission's hands.

Chairman Campbell has been a member of the Commission since its creation in 1921. The members of the Commission in the photograph below are Past Grand Exalted Rulers: John R. Coen, Vice-Chairman, Sterling, Colo.; Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman, East St. Louis, Ill.; John S. McClelland, Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.; Michael F. Shannon, Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Los Angeles, Calif., and James T. Hallinan, Treasurer, Queens Borough, N. Y.



ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES

The fine work of the various local committees of this Commission is well known, with every effort being made toward lending pleasure to the lives of our convalescent servicemen in VA Hospitals throughout the country. Occasionally, through these committees, we learn that certain hospitals count members of the Order among their patients.

With this in mind, we suggest that each lodge Secretary check on any of their Brother Elks who may be confined to any of these institutions, ascertain where these members are, and send their names, and addresses of the Hospitals, to this Commission. We in turn will contact the sub-committee in charge of the program in those hospitals, give them the names of the Elks there, and suggest that a member of the committee visit each Elk personally. Please send this information to the Elks National Service Commission, 292 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

JAMES T. HALLINAN, Chairman.



Above: A few of the 10,000 books, radios, etc. which passed through Ontario, Calif., to Camp Cooke, gathered by Elks of California for distribution by the Veterans Service Commission. Pictured are E.R. V. Snider of Ontario Lodge, Sam Wickersham, a donor, and R. N. Traver, Chairman of the State Elks Veterans Committee.



Above: The Spirit of Christmas, and Santa Claus, at left, stand by with Chairman W. H. Harth of the So. Cal. Elks Veterans Hospital Committee, right, while radio sports announcer Sam Zurich interviews one of the 11 veteran patients on a tape recording, giving the men some personal contact with their families at Christmas.



Above: This photo was taken during the enjoyable party put on for the men at the United States Marine Hospital by the members of Galveston, Tex., Lodge.



Right: Some of Houston, Tex., Lodge's well-known and talented Elkadettes who entertained at the local Veterans Hospital on Elks Minstrel Show Night.



CHARLES SPENCER HART

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER Charles Spencer Hart, a member of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, passed away suddenly in New York City on January 25, 1951. Mr. Hart was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 12, 1888, and attended military school in Ohio until his 17th year, when he entered Yale University. He was graduated from Yale with honors in 1908 and was the recipient of the Sheffield Prize in History, 1907-1908. This deep interest in the history of our country was reflected in Mr. Hart's writings throughout his life.

After leaving Yale, Mr. Hart taught school for a year and then, in 1909, he joined the Hearst Publishing organization, rising to a management position in a few years. In 1917, when this country entered World War I, he resigned to join the Armed Forces and was appointed a member of the Committee on Public Information by Secretary of War Baker. There he headed the Motion Picture Propaganda Division. Under his direction all official government pictures were produced, including the films "America's Answer", "Under Four Flags" and "The U.S.A."

Following the War, Mr. Hart spent a year in for-

eign travel and study of advertising techniques of other countries. This experience was incorporated in his book, "Foreign Advertising Methods."

When *The Elks Magazine* was instituted in 1922, Mr. Hart joined the Magazine's staff as business manager, holding this position until he resigned in 1937 to become Grand Exalted Ruler. Under his able and loyal guidance, the Magazine was firmly established as an outstanding national magazine and advertising medium.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hart utilized his knowledge of advertising and American history to write numerous short stories and articles for national magazines. In 1935, J. B. Lippincott published his book, "Forgotten Heroes", which was a collection of biographies of historic personalities not generally remembered.

With all these activities, Mr. Hart devoted a considerable part of his time to the work of Elksdom and contributed not only materially to the progress of the Order but also gave much of his outstanding qualities as an inspirational leader. In 1928 he was elected Exalted Ruler of the Mt. Vernon Lodge and subsequently he was appointed to the Lodge Activi-

(Continued on page 41)



Spring

*Artist Von Riegen records his impressions
as the ball players go South for training.*

BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Off timing.



Rookie—Direct from the bushes.



Vocal persuasion.

Training



Sports reporters—Pre-season check.

Old Timers—They're nothing like the good old 1938 team.



End of Training—Raring to go!

Fraternel



COLUMBUS, OHIO



MISSOULA "HELLGATE", MONT.



EL PASO, TEX.



STOCKTON, CALIF.



PROVO, UTAH



ANTIGO, WIS.



RICHMOND, KY.

THIS collection of Elk Family photographs is introduced by the Cotter Family of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge. P.D.D. Howard Keller is seated left, next to Garrett M. Cotter, a 40-year member and the father of seven Elks. The young Cotter missing here was hospitalized just before the photograph was taken • Another large family group is Richmond, Ky., Lodge's Moberly clan, when the sixth son of Judge Richard O. Moberly, P.E.R., joined the Order. One son is a P.E.R., a second is present lodge leader • Missoula "Hellgate", Mont., Lodge boasts the stalwart seven-man family of Fred Medsen, seated • El Paso, Tex., Lodge is proud of the membership of the five Ballard brothers, who are also Brothers in Elksdom, having been proposed by Stacy Brookins, seated • Another group of five Elks are the four brothers of P.E.R. William Buettner, center, of Stockton, Calif., Lodge • Provo, Utah, Elk L. E. Burr is photographed with his four fine sons, who are also members of his lodge • Three generations of the Kestly Family of Antigo, Wis., Lodge are headed by sole surviving Charter Member, P.E.R. Dr. F. C. Kestly, center, his son, also a former leader of the lodge, and his grandson • The two photos below represent Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge's double family combination. The top picture shows Albert Kuritzky, second from left, and his sons, one of whom is the lodge's Esteemed Leading Knight. The picture at right is the Warrington group—Arthur, left, with brother Joseph, Exalted Ruler, father Walter, lodge Chaplain, and brother Eugene.



Above and right:
MAMARONECK, N. Y.



Families



LEWISTON, IDA.



CANTON, OHIO



SUSANVILLE, CALIF.

IN THIS SELECTION of photographs of Father and Son Classes initiated as part of Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle's program are a group representing the 24-man class of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, with the nine Elk sires standing behind their sons • On D.D. R. E. Myers' visit to Canton, Ohio, Lodge, with C. A. Kremser of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, State Secy. L. E. Strong and Past State Pres. Jos. W. Fitzgerald, the officers initiated a Father-Son Class to which P.E.R. Lee Boli gave four offspring, E. J. Welch, Carl Shields and A. R. Miller one each • Among other Elk sons welcomed into Susanville, Calif., Lodge by E.R. O. E. Good was his own boy, Richard • When William Boustead, extreme left, was Exalted Ruler of Hammond, Ind., Lodge, he congratulated three combinations named Voss, Mullen and Morgenthauer as Brother Elks, during the lodge's Golden Anniversary • Weirton, W. Va., Lodge's group included James Skiles and son, William Long and son, Eli Zatezalo and two sons, John Jones and son, and John Ovington and son, not photographed; another missing pair were Andrew J. Morgan and his son • E.R. C. E. Hunter, left, and D.D. Dr. A. F. Switzer, right, with three Elk sons, J. A. Sullivan, A. J. Vensel and H. K. Fuller, initiated into Prescott, Ariz., Lodge • E.R. C. M. Hunt is pictured with Fort Pierce, Fla., long-time Elks B. A. Bittan and S. B. Gilbert and their sons • Salem, Ill., Lodge's E. F. Brubaker and W. S. Broom stand behind one Brubaker boy, two Broom sons.



HAMMOND, IND.



WEIRTON W. VA.



PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



SALEM, ILL.



FORT PIERCE, FLA.



IS IT WORTH A

Operators angling for a quick and easy million—or more—still are around, but they're few in number—and more shifty.

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

THE highly compelling urge to make a million dollars is almost universally regarded as an inalienable American right guaranteed, at least by inference, in the Constitution, or is it the Bill of Rights? There was a time when every doting mother dreamed of her boy cherub as being potentially president and/or a millionaire. Neither of these ambitions is readily realizable now, for if a man builds a better mousetrap he is lucky if his competitors haven't made it obsolete in a week.

One result of this dolorous state has been a national millionaire frustration complex and with it an alarming lowering of standards. Men whose principles

are sacred in every other respect, and who once regarded making a million as a bare minimum, are showing a ready willingness to settle for a quick \$250,000, or even a quick \$25,000. The quicker the better.

But recent revelations indicate that hope of becoming a millionaire need not be abandoned. Despite handicaps, men with a stout heart, a facile tongue and a good lawyer can capitalize special talents and opportunities after studying the careers and techniques of others who have succeeded—men who have made their mark in Boston, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, St. Louis and sometimes Leavenworth. . . . Where one can forge ahead, the axiom says, others may follow.

There are two proven methods of accumulating a substantial fortune under

present, adverse conditions. One, of course, is the plodding, it-may-take-me-longer-but-I'll-get-there method of the steady, dependable horse player who puts a little on every race, and is content with a small profit. Patently, this is for the lusterless *bourgeoisie*; simple bank clerks and such who still believe embezzlement can be fun.

The second method provides horizon-wide scope for aptitude and imagination. It offers not only the essential Big Money Quick, but wit sharpening excitement and even a certain respectability, because sometimes it borders on the legitimate. Briefly, it requires a man to study human nature closely and then go in some business for himself in which the forces of human nature can operate to his advantage, with only a little prodding.

Though it appears complicated, this is both simple and profitable. Take, for example, the normal, human aspiration to wealth. The smart operator—we'll call him Jones J. Elwood—knows that most people believe the only plausible schemes for securing speedy, outsize fortunes are wildcat oil drilling, diamond



ILLUSTRATED BY
HAL McINTOSH

MILLION?

discoveries, a gold mine and maybe buried treasure. Mr. Elwood believes he can find buyers for stock in any of these propositions, but, because they enjoy a current vogue, he decides to sell stock in a Canadian gold mine.

I don't know why the perhaps-and-maybe type of gold mine in Tibet or Mexico, or some place outside the reach of meticulous U. S. laws, always seems more alluring than those at home. Because the risk is vastly increased, perhaps the element of sportsmanship seems greater. Anyhow, for sheer risk Canadian gold mines make horse racing a sport of the indigent and afflicted. In horse racing you may watch what's happening. But there are fewer investors who see the inside of a Canadian gold diggings than miners who go into coal pits on John Lewis' birthday.

To sell stock, Mr. Elwood first must have a prospectus. He finally compiles a masterpiece of inference without making anything unmistakably clear except the price of the stock and how to buy some. It vaguely describes a group of speculators whose original \$10 invest-

ment in another Canadian mine could have parlayed to \$21,442, but he doesn't say it did. To make American customers feel happily at home, Mr. Elwood writes that U. S. investments in Canada total \$5,000,000,000, but not, he neglects to add, in gold mining stocks. He locates his mine uncertainly in an area about 300,000 miles square, inferring that more precise identification might expose it to claim jumpers. He includes a rough map, of course, because his investors have a buried treasure complex and are notably hypnotized by crude sketches. But his map might as well be of a patch of Antarctica, except that it lacks footprints of Admiral Byrd.

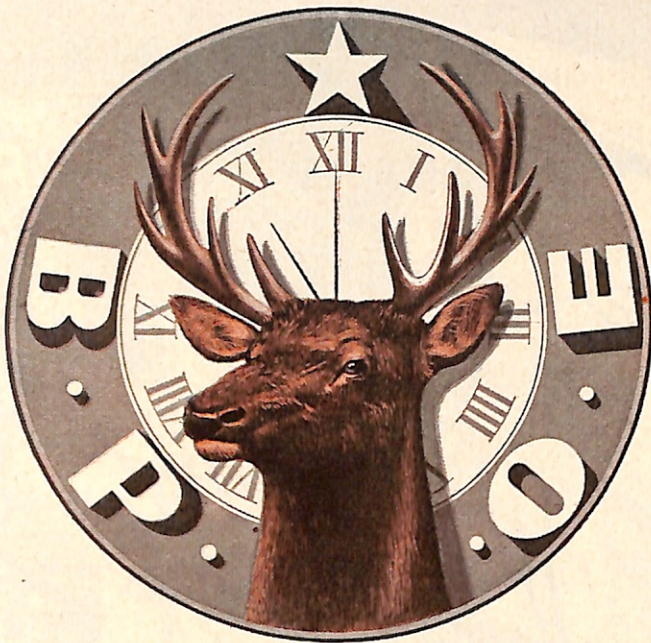
THEN Mr. Elwood arranges a Toronto mailing address, buys a proven list of U. S. suckers, mails his brochures and sits back to await the stream of checks. Aside from an initial investment in lists, printing and postage—a hole in the ground that might conceivably harbor gold—Mr. Elwood has few expenses. His greatest asset is the romantic call of the Klondike, created by Jack London

and Rex Beach, strongly resounding in the hearts of desk-bound Americans with a few dollars to rub together. To sell his stock, Mr. Elwood merely gets human nature working on his side.

To make money without moving to Canada some astute operators develop and merchandise a salable cure-all. This profitable field has been singularly neglected in recent years, apparently because of a popular belief that the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1938 made cure-alls a dubious venture. The Food and Drug Administration is indeed finical, but it is also understaffed.

Smart operators in this business are streamlining their approach, offering cures based on atomic energy which have a new and potent appeal. There are atom machines to cure high blood pressure, U-235 drinking water for arthritis and other ills and radioactive soap designed to restore deficient glands. As high blood pressure, arthritis, and increasing interest in books affect several million older people, to their considerable pain and annoyance, these cures find numerous

(Continued on page 41)



News of the Lodges

Marion, Ind., Elks Receive VA Award

Not long ago the members of Marion Lodge No. 195 were signally honored by the Veterans Administration. At a special lodge session, Dr. A. E. Trollinger, manager of the local VA Hospital, presented a Certificate of Appreciation to these Elks, and Chairman R. L. DeHority of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, several State Assn. officials including Pres. T. E. Burke, Vice-Presidents Ray Jorg, Cecil Rappe and L. A. Krebs, Treas. Paul Manship, D.D. Ray C. Miller and local Committeemen, headed by Virgil Bowman, and E.R. Joe Foust. This lodge has provided splendid entertainment for the hospital's 1800 mental patients.

Greybull, Wyo., Elks Aid in Eliminating Magpies

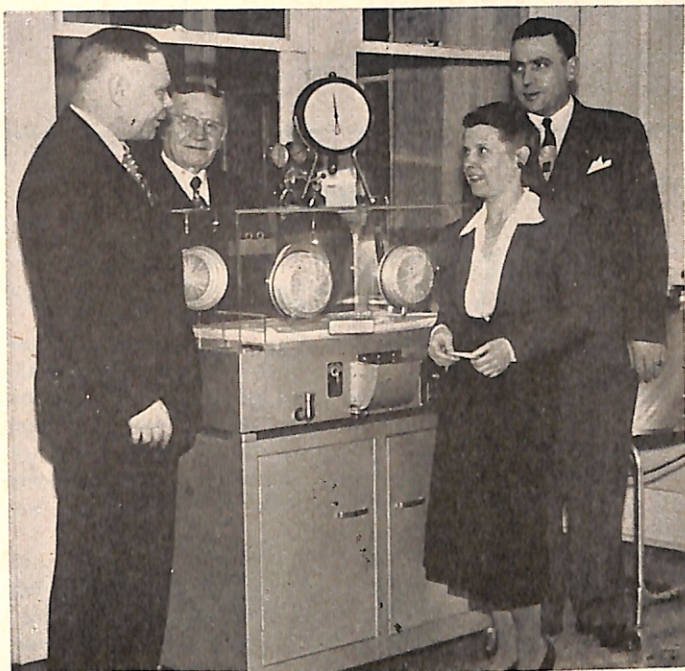
As an aid to farmers and ranchers of the vicinity. Greybull Lodge No. 1431 conducted a contest for the elimination of magpies, offering ten centers per pair of feet, paid on presentation to the contest manager, George Scott. First-place winner was Ernie Walrath, who turned in 339 pairs; Miss Betty Allen turned in 332, taking second place.

A total of 3,204 pairs was offered in the contest, thus eliminating many enemies of the pheasant population of the Big Horn Basin.



At the 50th Anniversary of Kingston, N. Y., Lodge, left to right: Exalted Ruler J. G. Connelly, Dist. Vice-Pres. F. H. McBride, District Deputy Sydney Flisser, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Chief

Justice, State Court of Appeals, John T. Loughran, P.E.R., State President Roy D. Martin, Past State President William F. Edelmuth and N. Y. Elks Assn. Scholarship Committee Chairman James A. Gunn.



Lee A. Donaldson, a member of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, left, in the presence of Assistant Grand Secretary F. J. Schrader, second from left, presents Etna, Pa., Lodge's valuable gift of an Isolator Incubator to officials of the Zoar Home.



When Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan visited Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge's new home, left to right: D.D. R. R. Grassau, E.R. Dr. Harry Eno, Judge Hallinan, P.D.D. H. D. Smith, U.S.A. construction foreman in the Zone and Chairman of the lodge's Building Committee.

Waukegan, Ill., Elks Service Center Visitors Pull a Switch

One of the best examples of what our servicemen are like comes from the Elks of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702. It has to do with a certain Holiday party held in the Elks Service Center there, and it deals with the servicemen from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station who frequent the Center; but it isn't about a party the Elks gave for them; it's about a party the boys gave for 70 five-to-12-year-old needy children.

Following in the Elk tradition, the servicemen, who have been appreciatively enjoying all the hospitality of the Center, decided to turn the tables and do some entertaining themselves. For an entire month, the young men arranged the party, bought and wrapped gifts, planned and bought refreshments. When the children arrived the young men took complete charge of them, distributed the gifts—two or more for each child—and waited on table. It was a toss-up as to whether hosts or guests had the best time.

As a member lodge in the State Association which is a leader in giving aid to crippled children, Waukegan has contributed generously to the support of this program. In particular is their fine participation in the cerebral palsy program, which, because of its nature, demands expert advice, instruction and training. While the Waukegan Elks are doing yeoman work in this field, the job is too big for them to handle singly, and so the aid of other civic-minded groups and individuals was enlisted. The lodge itself has contributed \$1,000 per year, and its ladies' group \$500 annually to benefit these unfortunate children.

Cristobal, C. Z., Dedication Attended by Judge Hallinan

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan officially opened the handsome new home of Cristobal Lodge No. 1542, a well-planned, well-constructed building of which the owners are justly proud. The ceremonies were attended by more than 300 Isthmian residents, including D.D. Ralph R. Grassau and P.D.D.'s James DesLondes, H. J. Zierten and Arno Zeese.

Accompanied by Mrs. Hallinan and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keepnews, the Judge arrived in Panama to be welcomed by a large delegation of Elks from both Cris-

tobal and Panama Canal Zone (Balboa) Lodges, led by E.R.'s Dr. Harry Eno and William Dorgan. The Balboa group entertained Judge Hallinan at both luncheon and an evening program the day after his arrival. The following day found the Cristobal Elks as hosts to the visitor who initiated a class of 12 in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle.

During their stay, the Stateside travelers were guests at many pleasant affairs. One of these was the Rotary Club luncheon, attended by Britain's Minister to Panama, Eric Cleugh, during which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan delivered a very fine address.



Two Naval recruits and guests at the party the men gave at the Waukegan, Ill., Elks Service Center.

ROD AND GUN

You won't find good hunting and fishing spots by asking questions.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



ONE of my boyhood friends, an amazing lad who could multiply two four-digit numbers in his head but who might go for half a day at a time without saying a word, occasionally uttered a great truth when he did speak.

One time we were searching for a mythical, back-country stream that was supposed to be so full of trout that all the little ones got crowded out on the bank during every low water. We stopped to inquire the way from a native.

He took 15 minutes to tell us he didn't know.

After we drove on, Don said, "It's a waste of time to ask where to fish. If a man is a fisherman and could tell you, he won't. If he isn't a fisherman and would tell you, he can't."

This observation applies equally well to inquiries about hunting. One time in Vermont my wife and I stopped for gas at a service station in a small town. The attendant saw our dog and guns and immediately started talking about hunting. He was an enthusiast. Finally, I managed to get a word in. I said casually, "Any grouse around here?"

"Nope," he answered. "The pa'tridge are just about gone. Not much cover. Too many hunters, too many foxes." Then he quickly changed the subject.

Five miles out of town we flew six

grouse out of one cover. Then we walked across the road and flew nine more out of another.

That boy was a real grouse hunter. Next to woodcock fanatics, they are the tightest-mouthed humans that I know anything about, but the tendency to keep favorite hunting and fishing spots a secret is a common characteristic of all sportsmen. I'm inclined to be a little that way myself.

After years of hunting and fishing, all of us find a few places that we like better than any others. Maybe they don't have any more game or fish, but because of the surroundings, or for some other reason, we prefer them. It is only natural to try to preserve them by not announcing their locations to the world. Sometimes, of course, the sport is red-hot and then certain knowledge that a lot of competition would spoil it is incentive enough to keep anybody but a hopeless blabbermouth from talking.

Last fall there were a lot of ducks around my neighborhood, but the weather was so mild that they fed only at night and sat on the glassy water of the lake all day. Nobody could get them there, and virtually all the duck hunters gave up in disgust.

Al Miller and I happened to blunder on a spot, however, where there was a good flight of ducks all day long, no matter how sunny and calm it might be. One afternoon, after we had been out in the morning and shot our limit of six mallards apiece, he was in a local sporting goods store and the fellows there started griping about the lack of shooting. All agreed that it was impossible to get any ducks as long as the blue-bird weather continued. Finally the manager said, "Well, maybe a real expert could get a few, but I haven't heard of anybody who was that good."

Al didn't say a word. When he told me about it later, I shook his hand and congratulated him. It is hard to keep from bragging at such a time, but he was equal to the crisis. Our shooting spot was small and an influx of hunters would have ruined it.

So, you see, you can hardly blame sportsmen for not revealing their pet locations. You would forget how to talk under the circumstances, too. Admittedly, there is no future asking other nimrods about the location of good hunting and fishing spots when you move to a new neighborhood or merely make a trip into strange territory. However, there is one place where it does pay to ask ques-

(Continued on page 37)

Wide World Photo.



Casting for cutthroat trout on the secluded Bogachiel River, Olympic Peninsula, Washington.

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler



MY BROTHERS: With but one month left of the Lodge year, I want to express a word of appreciation to the Exalted Rulers, whose terms are coming to a close, for the leadership they have given and the part they have played in helping our Order face the problems—and opportunities of these past months.

I trust, my Brother Exalted Rulers, that the accomplishments of your administration make a record of which you and your Brothers can be justly proud. But there is a month remaining before you yield the jewel to your successor and **I urge you not to slacken your efforts, no matter how well you think you have fulfilled the job entrusted to you, but, on the contrary, to use the time remaining to add to your record.**

Strive diligently to turn over to him who follows you a house in order, financially sound, a happy and active membership, with dues 100 per cent paid, and a purposeful and effective program of fraternal, social and community activities. Justify by thought, word and deed your election to the highest office within the gift of your Brothers.

Actually, the end of your term as Exalted Ruler should mark the beginning of your finest service to the Lodge and the most rewarding both to it and to you. With the expe-

rience you have gained by serving in the chairs, now climaxed by the responsibility you have borne as Exalted Ruler, you can, if you wish, make an even greater contribution to your Lodge and to Elklod by maintaining your interest and your efforts undiminished.

★ ★ ★

March has been set aside for the induction of classes in honor of our Lodge Secretaries. This is a fine program, and one in which I hope every lodge will participate.

Many Secretaries are inclined to believe that their efforts are not given the recognition they deserve. This may be true in some cases, but **I am sure that every Elk feels warm regard and affection for the Secretary who is loyally and efficiently performing the very important duties of his office,** and this is a good time to demonstrate it.

Don't leave the responsibility in this case up to the Secretary himself. With all of the year-end duties confronting him, the Secretary has an unusually large load right now. So, I appeal to you, my Brothers, to add to the pleasure, which a class in his honor will give him, by making this a truly lodge-wide effort. Lift it out of the routine initiation. Make it something special, not just in size but in character and meaning. If you are going to honor your Secretary with a class, and I hope you are, then let's do it up right.

★ ★ ★

This is a good opportunity for me to back up the efforts of our Secretaries and Lapsation Committees with a word to those who have neglected their dues. Don't let your name be among those that are struck from the rolls on March 31 because you have put off paying the few dollars that give you the proud privilege of association with more than a million of the finest men in America.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Joseph B. Kyle
JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER



For ELKS who TRAVEL

Cincinnati B.P.O.E. No. 5
now located in the
HOTEL METROPOLE
400 Fine Rooms **\$2.50**
Rates from
Nationally known food
Garage and Parking Lot
Sixth & Walnut Sts. Parkway 5100

Lakeland, Fla., No. 1291

Located in Lakeland's downtown district,
two blocks from R. R. Station.
22 comfortable rooms. Excellent service.
Good food, well served. One of Lakeland's
better eating places.

Reasonable Prices.

More than just a stopping-off place—a com-
fortable residence with a club atmosphere,
a place to meet friendly Brother Elks.



ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., No. 461

One of the Southwest's finest Elks Clubs
offering hotel accommodations.

For men only, with preference given to Elks.

75 well-appointed rooms with or without bath.
Hot and cold running water and telephone in
every room.

Elevator service. Club's own parking lot next to
building. Located in the heart of the business dis-
trict, convenient to everything. Entire first floor
devoted to lodge and club activities. Courteous
attention to guests; every effort made to make
your stay pleasant.

*They've turned the clock back
two centuries in Williamsburg.*

BY HORACE SUTTON

ANYBODY who feels he was born too
late ought to take off for Williams-
burg, Va., where they turn the clock
back no less than two centuries. All the
houses are the way they were when Wash-

ington was in his prime, men walk around
in powdered wigs, women in hooped
skirts, and, if you barge into a shop, you
are quite likely to find a Colonial-looking
artisan banging away on a pewter pot



Colonial Governmental Center in Williamsburg.



after a fashion that is more than twenty decades old.

Back in 1699, Williamsburg was established as the capital of Virginia and during the 80 years that followed the town was the political and social center of the Colony. In its House of Burgesses, Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry learned politics and exercised their ideas on freedom. It was here that Patrick Henry publicly denied that the English king had the right to levy taxes on the American colonies without their consent, and here that he is said to have said, "If this is treason, then make the most of it." It was here too that he neglected for a full year to pay his bill at the Pasteur-Galt Apothecary Shop, which has recently been reopened.

\$20,000,000 PROJECT

After the American Revolution it was decided to move the Virginia capitol to Richmond, where the populace might be safer from attack from the sea. Williamsburg sank into virtual oblivion until 1927 when John D. Rockefeller Jr. became interested in restoring the settlement. Twenty years and over twenty million dollars have since gone into the project known as Colonial Williamsburg and neither cash nor effort was saved to keep it authentic. Archivists were sent to England to search among records that would reveal the exact locations of Williamsburg's buildings. Over 600 buildings—churches, schools, banks, stores, and homes—that had been built since 1800 were torn down. Old insurance policies and tattered ownership records were scoured for bits of information. To the hundred-odd 18th Century buildings that remained standing in Williamsburg, Rockefeller added 230 others, among them the Virginia capitol, the magnificent palace of the Royal Governor, the Colonials' favorite saloon, Raleigh Tavern, the Publick Gaol and even some of the better homes. Bricks were made by hand, according to Colonial methods. The furnishings are unquestioned antiques, and the flower arrangements are done according to 18th Century technique, using flowers that were popular at that time.

Among its shops Williamsburg has weavers, cobblers, candlemakers, blacksmiths. In each one visitors will find men working as they did in the 1700's, wearing the same clothes, turning out

the same articles with the same tools. For the convenience of those who live and work in Williamsburg there also are a local A. & P., a Rexall drug store and a Howard Johnson's, all of which are disguised in stately and beautiful 18th Century architecture.

COLONIAL HANDBILL

The replica of Chowning's Tavern, which actually serves liquid refreshment, puts out a handbill that reads:

I take this Means of acquainting the Publick that I have opened Tavern under my Name and Sign in the Market Square, near the Court Houfe, in Williamfburg. All who pleafe to favour me with their Cuftom may depend up the beft of Refreshment, at reafonable Rate. A courteous Reception will await fuch as wifh to infpect the Premifes.

—Josiah Chowning

Those who arrive at Williamsburg will do well to partake of an orientation lecture which will provide enough painless history to make good sense out of the exhibits. At the main exhibit buildings—the Governor's Palace, the Capitol, Raleigh Tavern, the Gaol and the powder magazine—you will find costumed guides to conduct you through. Lady guides wear farthingales with collapsible hoops, and, to preserve the illusion, they must wear "throws" instead of modern overcoats and tiny draw-string baskets instead of handbags. Unlike the jaded guides of European antiquities, the Virginia ladies are pleasant, interested and intelligent. On Saturday and Sunday evenings the tours through the Capitol are conducted by candlelight, an experience none should miss.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

During the summer a symphonic drama called "The Common Glory", written by Pulitzer-prize winner Paul Green, is performed nightly except Mondays at the Lake Matoaka amphitheater just outside town. There are trips, too, to four famous James River Plantations which still sit on what is now Route 5 between Richmond and Williamsburg. Flower watchers might like to know that Garden Week is celebrated in Williamsburg February 19 and 28 with a series of lectures, tours and discussion groups.

Anybody who cares to step out of the
(Continued on page 55)



**is celebrating
her 2000th birthday**

Come to the Party!

Centuries of mellowed history have created the special charm that is Paris. And this year, her 2000th birthday, makes a wonderful excuse for a visit to France. Revel in the beauty of the country, in the cultural and esthetic things that set France apart from the world. See the great museums, hear the finest concerts, study the architecture—development of many centuries of growth. The festivities in Paris will thrill you. And remember this: your dollar goes far in France.

For reservations and information see your friendly travel agent. For booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. L, Box 221, New York 10



**FRENCH GOVERNMENT
TOURIST OFFICE**

**NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO • MONTREAL**

in the Doghouse

Ed Faust



First teach your dog obedience—then tricks.

makes the dog a more ready pupil than most other animals is its instinctive desire to please, and its responsiveness to praise.

Let's take the jumping trick first. All dogs are natural jumpers, far more so than horses. The dog has fewer ribs than the horse and thus has greater muscular leverage in its loins. Furthermore, thousands of years ago the dog was largely a woods-dwelling animal, frequently confronted by barriers of fallen trees and overgrown shrubbery. Jumping for him was a necessary talent in pursuing game and escaping from danger. The horse dwelt more in the open country and had less cause to jump; he was dependent upon speed for his safety. To teach your dog to jump, all you have to do is stand him in a corner of a room—this will pre-

vent him from making any side dashes to get away. Hold a stick in front of him and give the command word "jump".

For the first lessons, hold the stick low enough for the dog to clear it easily; as he progresses, gradually raise the stick—but not so high that he'll have to pole-vault over it. (Incidentally, you might substitute your arm for the stick.) When giving the command, snap your fingers and, with your free hand, quickly motion in the direction in which you want the dog to jump. When he has learned this lesson well, move him out to the center of the room and repeat the lessons there. If he takes a notion to be lazy, or decides it's all very uninteresting, move him back into the corner for further lessons. Always repeat the same, single, command

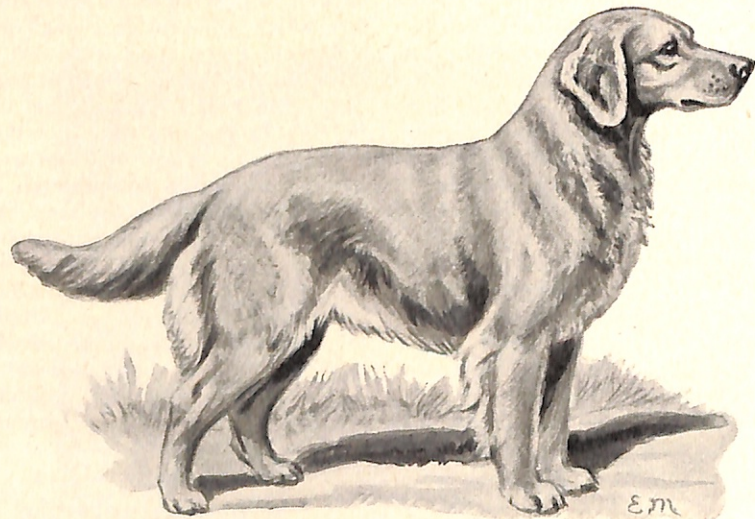
(Continued on page 46)

THE desire to teach a dog tricks is understandable and commendable; most dog owners like to think that their special pet is just about the smartest ever, and the performance of a few tricks helps to prove it. But the trick business can be overdone, almost as much as encouraging little Harry or Harriet to burst into poetry for the benefit of visitors. Actually, while the ability of a dog to perform tricks is no great indication of its intelligence, it is evidence of a dog's alertness and its desire to please its master, and, to a great extent, of how well the owner knows and understands his dog. My readers often send in requests on how to teach a dog to be a parlor entertainer. Here are a few basic stunts that can be taught by the amateur trainer.

To begin with, the dog should be taught the fundamentals of obedience—such as, to come, stand, sit or lie down—on command. This isn't hard to teach, but it calls for patience on the part of the trainer. Almost any dog owner who is sincerely interested in, and sympathetic to, his pet can make his dog letter-perfect in obeying these orders. Shouting at the dog or losing your temper gets you nowhere; it simply confuses the dog and makes all training distasteful. Any task made disagreeable is harder to accomplish and that goes for humans and dogs alike.

Professional trainers agree that punishment should never be part of the schooling. We all know people who are bright in most ways but, for some reason, they cannot grasp certain subjects fully—perhaps they find them unpleasant; perhaps they just don't have the "knack". Well, some pretty smart dogs just can't, or won't, learn certain stunts and there's nothing you can do about it. The wise owner will study his dog and develop its ability along natural inclinations. For example, some dogs like to jump more than do others; some are natural "speakers". Variations of tricks along these lines can be taught to such dogs. One thing the owner has in his favor which

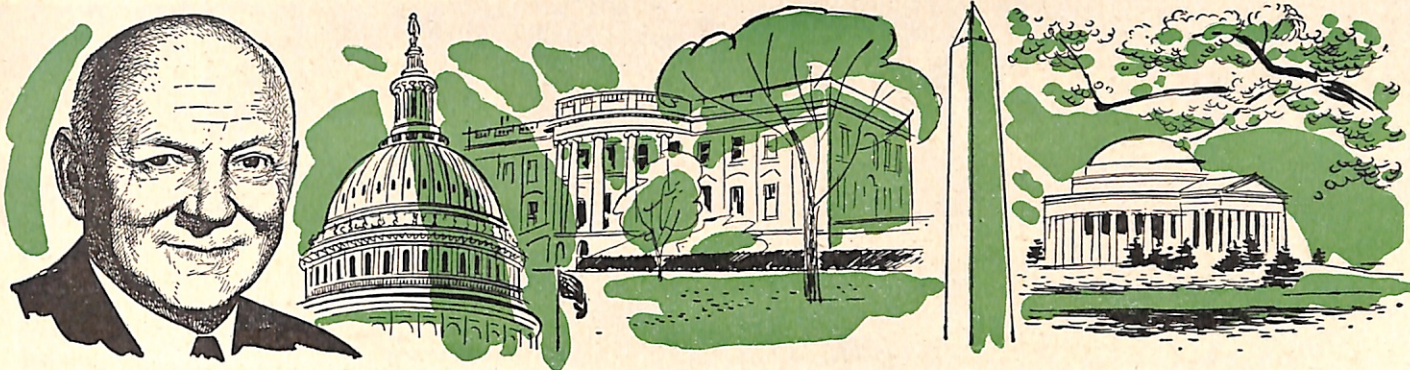
Dogs on Parade



Meet the Golden Retriever

One of the most intelligent of the field dogs, the Golden Retriever was introduced into England from the Continent about 1860. Originally were used for a variety of purposes, including guardians for sheep. Splendid coats enable them to endure severe cold. Said in early days to have been crossed with the bloodhound, thus reducing original size of the breed and intensifying scent-

ing ability and refining coat. Modern usage includes employment as setters as well as retrievers. A comparatively rare breed, it is expected to become increasingly popular. Color rich golden. Coat must be flat or wavy, with dense undercoat. Nose should be black, but light-colored permitted. Tail straight. Weights range from 55 to 68 pounds. (Retriever drawing by Edwin Megargee.)



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

IN ALL the confusion of the gigantic defense buildup two objectives shine in the spotlight: action to force business to hold down prices and agreements to persuade labor to hold down wages. All controls, all regulations are pointed to achieve these two objectives. If they could be made 100 per cent effective, the rise in living costs would be checked and the alarming spiral of inflation would be curbed. When the Korean war started last July this country, already deeply in the red, was ripe for price and wage increases. They gained such momentum that attempts to stop them were like trying to sweep back the tide with a broom. We're in for it now.

SPAIN IS WELCOMED

Recognition of Spain by the United States has given a distinct flair to Latin-American functions in Washington. We're all friends now and José Félix Laquerica, Spain's cordial ambassador to the United States, is warmly welcome. There's more to it than diplomatic parties, however. Generalissimo Francisco Franco, now quite acceptable to the anti-Communist western lineup, could muster 24 divisions of tough fighting men and really go to town if we send over the equipment. Moreover, they would be officered by Spanish civil war veterans who know their way around. In his remarks to the President, Ambassador Lequerica reminded that America was discovered by Spain and that the faith and trust of all men is with the United States. President Truman in reply said the expression of friendship of the Spanish people was a sentiment which the citizens of this country have long felt for the people of Spain. How about a summer cruise to Spain?

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Every day some 2,000 visitors are escorted through the Federal Bureau of Investigation on free tours. The attendance one day recently was over 4,000. There is something fascinating about the domain of J. Edgar Hoover and the G-men. Director Hoover has created the greatest laboratory for the detection of crime in the world. It is truly a house of magic, with its chemicals, microscopes

and delicate instruments, its millions of fingerprints and records and a gunnery range where firearms of all kinds are tested. Spellbound sightseers walk quietly down the long corridors and talk in low tones as they look at the lethal weapons of bandits and murderers. They leave with one fixed conviction—crime definitely does not pay.

TEEN-AGE TYPISTS

Typists and stenographers are needed desperately by the Federal Government, and the Civil Service Commission may change the age limit from 18, as at present, to 17. However, the Labor Department Bureau of Labor Standards wants to prohibit all employers from hiring persons under 18. Public schools oppose the lowering of the age limit because it would cause many students to leave school before graduation.

COMPARE THESE LUNCH PRICES

Food prices in government cafeterias, despite a recent hike all along the line, are lower than in most cities throughout the country. You can get a lunch combination plate every day for 35 or 40 cents, exclusive of beverage. An estimated 85,000 government workers eat in the cafeterias which are operated by Government Services, Inc., a concession. Employees in the cafeterias total 2,100.

CAR LOADINGS INCREASING

Defense buildup is beginning to be reflected in loadings of revenue freight. Increases are well over last year and two years ago. The total is nearly 800,000 per week. Railroads make big money through freight shipments rather than passengers.

"LEAK" IN HOUSE DEBATE

Through a "leak" during House debate, the "Congressional Record" revealed on page 17,251 that the speed of the snorkle submarine, supposedly a top secret, is 30 knots on the surface and 26 knots submerged. The House Appropriations Committee received the information from the Navy in closed session but it was spilled during argument over the

speed of proposed new merchant ships which would travel at 20 knots, not fast enough to escape the snorkles. At any rate it's a pretty sure guess other nations knew the submarine speed limits.

LUMBERMEN GET HURT

Labor Department reports show work injuries are highest in the logging and sawmill industries, and, you'd never guess it, lowest in the explosives industry.

MR. AVERAGE MAN PAYS MOST

Mr. Average Man is the one hit hardest under the new taxes to help meet defense spending. Largest part of the new revenue asked by the administration will come from the lower- and middle-income brackets, meaning those with incomes of \$10,000 and under a year. The folks earning from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per year total around 1,500,000, but when you get under the \$6,000-a-year mark there are over 40,000,000 tax payers. Down in the bracket below \$3,500 per year there are 32,000,000 tax payers and that's where most of the new heavy tax levies will apply. The so-called little fellows are the ones who produce when it comes to paying the bill in our fight for democracy.

TEA WAS SERVED

When Mrs. Truman, because of a cold, was unable to attend a "tea" she had arranged at Blair House for about 100 patients in Service hospitals, the President made some rearrangements and beer was served instead. By the way, what with the increase in men in uniform in the Nation's Capital there's talk of reopening the National Press Club servicemen's canteen which operated so well during the last World War. Newspapermen entertained enlisted men in uniform every Saturday afternoon in the club auditorium and free beer was served. Yours truly played a banjo.

ATOM BOMB TARGETS

Four principal atom-bomb targets in Washington would be the Pentagon, Federal Triangle, the Capitol and the White House, according to Civil Defense Division Warden W. J. Smith.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Enjoying a banquet at St. Louis, Mo., Lodge were, seated: Mrs. R. J. Connelly, left, and Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle, right; standing: E.R. Connelly, Mr. Kyle, Mo. State Pres. Dr. Chris Oltman and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.



Above: Dignitaries of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge joined visiting Elks to greet Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle at a dinner meeting attended by delegates from 13 lodges.

ON DEC. 18th, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle was welcomed by E.R. M. A. Lawson and members of LAFAYETTE, IND., LODGE, NO. 143, with a banquet at the Purdue Union Memorial Bldg. and a reception at the City Club. Sharing honors with Mr. Kyle was State Pres. Thomas E. Burke, and among the 500 Elks were many officials of Elksdom, including Chairman Robert L. DeHority of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, State Secy. C. L. Shideler, 1st Vice-Pres. Roy Jorg, Special Deputy E. F. Kauffman, Toastmaster, D.D. Benton E. Gates, Purdue University Pres. Dr. F. L. Hovde, and many other present and former State Association officers.

One of the finest addresses ever delivered before the Elks of KOKOMO, IND., LODGE, NO. 190 was that made by the Order's leader on Dec. 19th, when a record crowd turned out to pay him tribute. Introduced by E.R. C. S. Rupley, Mr. Kyle had the pleasure of presenting a special pin to Secy. C. F. Mahin, in recognition of his 55-year membership. The lodge's only surviving Charter Member, Rye Collins, also received a pin from Mr. Kyle who made a special visit to his home for that purpose. Kokomo Lodge voted to buy a \$1,000 Permanent Benefactor's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation, and initiated a Father and Son Class in Mr. Kyle's honor.

The next day found Joseph B. Kyle the honored guest of another lodge in his home State, HARTFORD CITY NO. 625. The occasion was the lodge's 50th Anniversary and a crowd of over 100 Elks led by E.R. Robert B. Evans, and their ladies, were present for the special dinner meeting.

After spending the Christmas Holidays



Right: At the Lima, Ohio, Conference were these officials, left to right: N.W. Dist. Activities Chairman Dwight L. Myers, D.D. Harold S. Green, the Order's leader, E.R. William Emerson and P.E.R. Fred Current, General Chairman.



Pictured after the banquet at Decatur, Ind., Lodge with the evening's distinguished visitor, right, is Exalted Ruler J. K. Eady.



Kewanee, Ill., Lodge's honored guest presents 50-year pins to, left to right: Dr. P. A. Helmer, W. T. Pierce and P.E.R. I. F. Myers.

with his family in Gary, Ind., Mr. Kyle made his official visit to ST. LOUIS, MO., LODGE, NO. 9, on Jan. 19th, when, at a gala banquet attended by 350 persons, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell introduced the Order's present leader, who had delivered a radio address over Station KSD prior to the dinner.

Before a huge turnout of local and visiting Elks, on Jan. 22nd Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle delivered an inspiring address at the home of OAK PARK, ILL., LODGE, NO. 1295. Prior to his appearance there, he had been honored at a dinner and interviewed over Station WOPA by Elk Wayne Osborne, in a program participated in by State Pres. John E. Giles and E.R. Verne B. Churchill.

(Continued on page 38)



Above: Participating in the initiation of the Illinois South District 160-man Joseph B. Kyle Class at Marion, Ill., Lodge were, left to right: E.R. K. B. Pouless, D.D. J. Wood McCord, Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle, State Pres. John E. Giles, State Vice-Pres. O. W. Bogard and D.D. Vincent Van Cleve.



Above: Photographed at the Herrin, Ill., Elks' banquet, left to right: Est. Leading Knight Ferrell Starnes, E.R. Kenneth W. Powless of Marion, E.R. Eugene Moroni of Herrin, Mr. Kyle, D.D. McCord, Toastmaster, and P.E.R. Dolph L. Bradshaw, P.D.D.

Right: Pictured at Camp Atterbury, Ind., when Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle officially presented the recreation hall for hospitalized G.I.'s, furnished at his behest by the Elks National Service Commission, were, left to right: Chairman R. L. DeHority of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Mr. Kyle; Col. H. W. Doan, Hospital Commander; Col. T. A. Murphy, Post Commander; an unidentified serviceman, and State Chaplain Herb Beitz.



NEWS OF THE LODGES



In the presence of his fellow lodge officers P.E.R. Ernest C. Matthews presents Eureka, Calif., Lodge's \$7,300 check toward the establishment of a modern community blood bank.



P.D.D. W. C. Nunn, right, who received an Honorary Life Membership in Winfield, Kans., Lodge is congratulated by E.R. Howard Elrod on completing 25 years of perfect lodge attendance, marking his 35-year membership.

Corry, Pa., Elk Old Timers Feted in Three-Day Tribute

Five Old Timers of Corry Lodge No. 769 were honored at a three-day program, in appreciation for their many years of loyalty and devotion. They were Foster Davis, only surviving Charter Member, an Elk for 48 years; P.E.R. N. Dell Darling, for his fine work throughout the District; P.E.R. C. P. Keating, who has rendered outstanding service to his lodge; P.E.R. W. F. Myers, who has contributed valuable ritualistic aid, and Mervyn Nast, who has done much to further the Grand Exalted Ruler's community service program. As President of the Hospital Board, Mr. Nast has assumed many responsibilities without pay, including acting as contract-inspector for the community's new Memorial Hospital.

These devoted Elks received diamond emblem pins in recognition of their service, before a crowd of nearly 200 members among whom were 21 of No. 769's 40 Life Members. The program included the initiation of a class of 12 in honor of these five men.

The second night's activities was a gala event in Gay Nineties tradition; a committee garbed in costumes of that period boarded a train 11 miles outside the city, to be greeted in Corry by a brass band and a delegation riding in surreys, on tandem bicycles and other vehicles of the era. Entertainment was in keeping with the Nineties period.

The final night's program took the form of a smorgasbord for Elks and their ladies, over 500 of whom attended. Later dancing was enjoyed.



Ontario, Ore., Lodge's \$595 for a short-wave diathermy unit is presented to Holy Rosary Hospital. Left to right: E.R. J. A. Marquina, Mother Superior Mary à Kempis, Est. Lead. Knight E. A. Bopp, Trustees G. C. Taylor and Conley Davis, Secy. W. D. Moore and Sister Mary Paul. The lodge also gave \$250 to both Malhuer Memorial Hospital and the Ida. Elks Polio Home.



At Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's dinner honoring Chairman John F. Scileppi of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, standing, left to right: Past State Pres. Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, State President Roy D. Martin. Seated: Judge William Lyman, Past State President James A. Farley, who is former U. S. Postmaster General, Judge Scileppi, Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Gray and Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall.

Right: Here are some of Sanford, Me., Lodge's "Little League" members who were sent to Boston to see the Red Sox defeat the Senators.



Below: Peter Tramontin, a Clifton, N. J. auto dealer, presents the Passaic County Elks Cerebral Palsy Center with a Pontiac station wagon, which he has promised to replace every two years. Left to right: E.R. Robert Draper, Paterson; D. N. Williamson, E.R. Paul Furino, Clifton; Eugene De Tone, Michael Kulik, Mrs. Peter Tramontin, Mr. Tramontin, County Palsy Assn. Pres. Mrs. M. R. Richmond, P.E.R. Joseph De Gise, D. A. G. Lyons, Elks Crippled Children's Committee Chairman J. L. Slater.



Below: Participating in the presentation of Freehold, N. J., Lodge's iron lung to Monmouth County were civic and Elk officials, including Mayor Fred Quinn and E.R. Jerry Maloney, right and first from right foreground, respectively.

Iowa Elks Assn. Delegates Hold Midwinter Meeting

Frigid weather didn't mean a thing to 200 delegates representing 36 of Iowa's 39 lodges at the Association's meeting at Davenport. Pres. Wm. C. Brunk presided, and the three District Deputies, Basal Gorey, Ross Anderson and Carl Lagergren reported completion of lodge visits.

Interlodge events enthusiastically participated in by the Association lodges include billiard and bowling tournaments, the latter extending over a period of five weekends. Past Pres. J. Lindley Coon presented a complete set of bound volumes of *The Elks Magazine* to the Association, and the principal address was given by Past Pres. Lloyd Maxwell, who is a former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.



On D.D. Dr. J. A. Starzyk's homecoming to Holyoke, Mass., Lodge he received an Honorary Life Membership in the Order. Left to right: P.E.R.'s A. J. Britton and P. J. Garvey, P.D.D., E.R. A. C. Hanley, D.D. Starzyk, and P.E.R.'s T. C. Kedzierski and J. J. D. McCormick.



A complete dental X-ray unit was recently presented to the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital in Ottine by Exalted Ruler William A. Fennell in the presence of other members of Seguin, Tex., Lodge. C. E. Smeltz, Chairman of the Hospital, accepted the generous gift.

LODGE NOTES

"Operation Airlift" was an interesting project for **WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., Elks**. The four-foot-wide antlers of a 12-point elk head, presented to the lodge by F. H. Willhite whose nephew shot the animal, would not fit into the elevator to be carried to the third-floor lodge room. The Fire Dept. was called, came through with a hoist and brought the trophy up the outside of the building . . . Prominent Elk Arthur L. Allen, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, celebrated an anniversary in a very unique manner. The leading member, and frequent Chairman, of **PUEBLO, COLO.**, Lodge's Christmas Activities Committee for the past 40 years, he secured a team of horses and a wagon and delivered the hundreds of 1950 Elk gifts just as he did two-score years ago . . . One of the finest clubhouses in **LITTLETON, COLO.**, is the new \$105,000 home of the local Elks. Furnished at a cost of \$20,000 on a \$15,000 plot, the building represents a tremendous investment, attests to the good taste and solvency of its owners . . . Among newsworthy longtime Elks who add interest to this month's column is Col. Bill Wallace, Secretary of **COLUMBUS, OHIO**, Lodge for 25 years. His photo, in full color, with the elk's head, Bible and our Flag, appears on the cover of the *Columbus Sunday Dispatch Magazine*, epitomizes Elkdom, is titled "Mr. Elk" . . . Another long-time Elk, Charter Member Timothy J. Sullivan, a P.E.R. of **WALTHAM, MASS.**, Lodge, recently celebrated his 80th birthday with a large family gathering, many Elk friends . . . Two veteran bowlers still going strong are **BANGOR, PA.**, Lodge's 40-year Life Member Jacob Walters. Just 80 years old, he is a rabid and frequent kegler; the other is **TWO RIVERS, WIS.**, Lodge's pride, 77-year-old Frank T. Becker who, despite his age, missed only one bowling series in the 1949-50 Elks Bowling League. For years he has averaged better than 160, seldom misses an Elk meeting . . . Organization of 14 new Boy Scout Troops at one time was the novel experiment conducted by the Central Dist., Middle Tennessee Area Council, sponsored by **NASHVILLE Elks**. Very successful, it will be repeated.



Some of the Old Timers who were honored at a gala party given by Corry, Pa., Lodge.

Lancaster, Calif., Lodge Aids St. Boniface Orphanage

When Joseph Oliver of Lancaster Lodge No. 1625 learned that unless the St. Boniface Orphanage, over 100 miles across the Mojave Desert, could acquire at least ten tons of hay within a few days it would be necessary to sell or kill its dairy herd, he presented the problem to E.R. Lester P. Miller. Within 12 hours had pledges of more than 15 tons, a truck, and loading and unloading crew.

The 50-year-old school receives no help from State or County agencies; its 200-acre site with its eight Spanish-type buildings has been home to hundreds of penniless children. All were most grateful to the Elks for their generosity in making it possible for the school to continue to provide fresh milk and dairy operation instruction to the young men cared for at St. Boniface. Other Elks pledged further loads of hay to carry the school through the winter.

Below: A the prize-presentation ceremonies in the magpie elimination contest conducted by Greybull, Wyo., Lodge as an aid to farmers and ranchers. Left to right: E.R. Vaughn Roberts, first-place winner Ernie Walrath and his prize, a .22 repeating rifle, second-place winner Betty Allen who received a pen and pencil set, and George Scott who handled the contest.



Old Timers Honored by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge

Not long ago Prescott Lodge No. 330 conducted a special ceremony honoring the Old Timers of the membership. P.D.D. Lester Ruffner, Sr., was on hand to present a 50-year pin to Richard E. Butler, who was Exalted Ruler of his lodge in 1907-08, a Life Member. Another 50-year pin will go to E. E. McFarland, who could not attend. Among the long-time members on hand to receive 25- and 35-year pins were R. N. Vyne, Otto K. Schmidt, R. J. Aitken, G. L. Epley, Trustee T. R. Lynch, Charles Born and C. C. Elrod.



Above: Steve Asmus, left, presents Cedar City, Utah, Lodge's check to ROTC Cadet Major Don Staheli for the Branch Agricultural College's carillon, to replace the old bell which was destroyed by fire.



Richmond, Calif., Lodge presents \$1,000 to the Major Project Committee of the Calif. Elks Assn. Left to right: State Secretary Edgar W. Dale, District Deputy Earl J. Williams, Grand Tiler L. B. Browne, Esteemed Leading Knight A. B. George, former Chairman Fred B. Mellman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Exalted Ruler George R. Gordon.



Leaders of three religious groups were among the 48 men initiated into Fresno, Calif., Lodge in honor of former Congressman B. W. Gearhart. Left to right: Monsignor J. G. Dowling, D.D. Gearhart, Rabbi D. L. Greenberg, E.R. M. M. Hayden and Episcopal Dean J. M. Malloch. These clergymen conduct a weekly radio forum on religious questions.

Danville, Ill., Elks Play Godfather

Four- and five-year-old youngsters at the Children's Home of Vermillion County have 1,500 new godfathers—the members of Danville Lodge No. 332. The Home's kindergarten will be able to function during the coming year because the lodge has contributed \$500 toward its upkeep, in a gesture following Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle's Community Service Program. For the first time, non-resident children will be taken into the kindergarten to be trained by expert instructors to take life's first big hurdle in stride.



Above: Riverton, Wyo., Elks present \$500 to Bishop Randall Hospital, having also donated \$1,000 to Memorial Hospital. Left to right: P.E.R. Clarence Seger, Radio Station Mgr. Toomey, State Journal Editor Ed Breese, Supt. Violet Stanford, Pres. Clydine Robb of the Lander B. & P. W. Club.

Left: This is the class initiated in honor of Fred V. Decker, Secretary of Albany, N. Y., Lodge for 25 years.

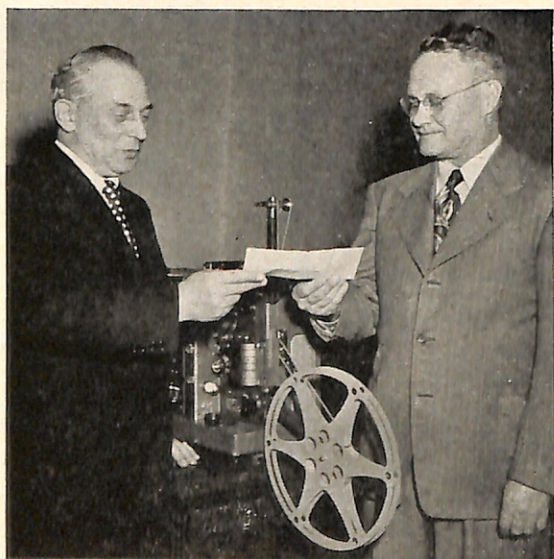
NEWS OF THE LODGES



Left to right, standing, Elk Paul Hunt, who installed the two television sets DeKalb, Ill., Lodge gave the County Home, E.R. Albert P. Wildey, and Home Superintendent Rix Sission. Seated is a patient, Raymond Keenan.

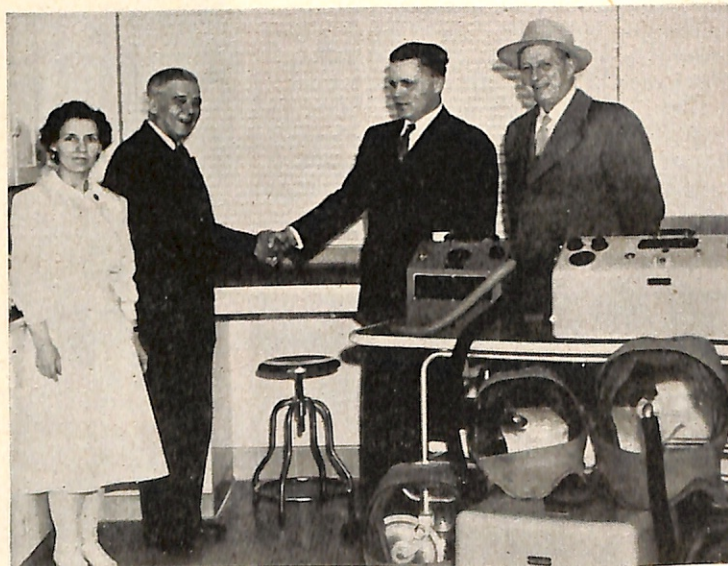


Completing a drive for 200,000 Camel cigarettes for our men in Korea, Beloit, Wis., Elks present a check to Chairman H. E. White of the State Elks Service Commission. Left to right: Esq. Phil La Pointe, E.R. Jack Jaster, Secy. L. F. Van Cleave, Reynolds Tobacco Company Representative Ed Ullrich, Camel Distributor Paul Ownes and Mr. White.



Price, Utah, Lodge's Family Night saw E.R. Harris Smaasen, right, present a \$300 check to Executive Director Kenneth H. Roth of the Utah Society for the Physically Handicapped; the money represented in this check was raised at the Elks' successful Charity Ball.

Below: A Monohan Respirator is presented to the County Hospital by Burns, Ore., Lodge. Left to right: Mrs. Arthur Pearson, R.N., Hospital Mgr. Nelson B. Higgs, Exalted Ruler Don Wilmarth and Hospital Trustee A. A. Barnwell.



Carlsbad, N. M., Elks gave the local High School undefeated football team a wonderful time New Year's Day when they sent the entire squad to El Paso, Tex., to see the Sun Bowl game. The boys are undisputed State High School Champions.



On behalf of his lodge, Exalted Ruler Rollie C. Nye presented a new American flag to each of the eight Girl Scout Troops in Danville, Va.



Treas. William Nixon, a 55-year Elk, seated second from right with other octogenarians at his 85th birthday dinner at Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge.



At Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge's dinner for the high school football team, left to right: P.E.R. A. E. Chase, School Supt. Ervin Fletcher, E.R. Wm. J. Brozy, School Principal Louis Horsman, famous gridiron mentor Andy Kerr, principal speaker, school coach Roger Robinson, P.E.R. John Schoonmaker, asst. coaches Paul Mateyak and Ray Lunn.



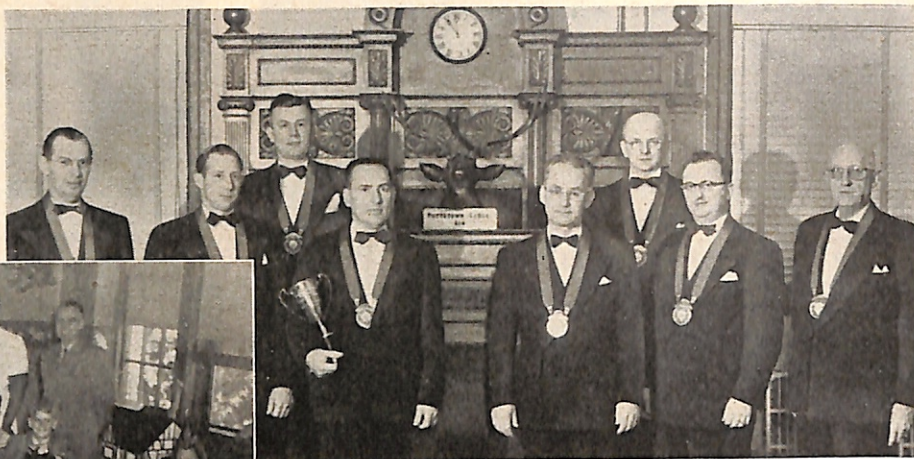
Appearing in this photograph are some of the many high school and college students who were entertained at a recent dancing party given for their enjoyment by the members of Minot, North Dakota, Lodge. This affair, which was held in the lodge room of the Elks home, was sponsored by the lodge's Youth Activities Committee.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall was the principal speaker at Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge's homecoming banquet for D.D. William M. Wean. The event was attended by nearly 500 Elks and their

ladies. Among them were Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Theodore Moses, State Vice-Pres. Kenneth E. Campbell, Past State Pres. George A. Swalbach and P.D.D. T. Lawrence Cusick.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



E.R. O. Donald Kunkle, third from left foreground and his fellow officers of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, judged top Ritualistic Team in the S.E. Pa. Dist. Contest for the second year.



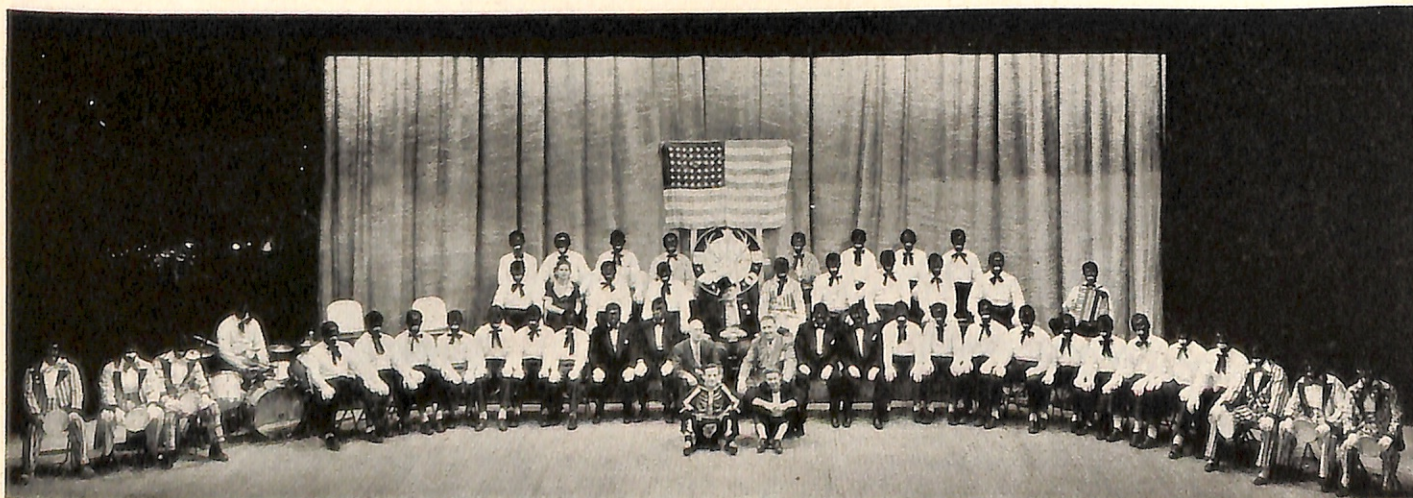
These smiling youngsters of the County Orphans' Home show their enthusiasm for the regular monthly parties given for them by Hackensack, N. J., Lodge.



At Waltham, Mass., Lodge's dinner for P.D.D. J. S. Bosworth, seated, left to right: Toastmaster J. M. Kohler, Mr. Bosworth, E.R. F. P. Driscoll; standing: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman James Fitzpatrick, Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Mass. Senate Pres. R. I. Furbush, Rev. J. B. Corkery and Grand Trustee T. J. Brady. The testimonial was extremely well attended.



Left to right, Trustees P. W. Myers, C. S. Hunt, P.E.R. and P.D.D., and C. D. Blessing, watch E.R. V. M. Klein present the Elks Ritual Clock to Auburn, N. Y. from Mr. Blessing.



Dayton, Ohio, Lodge's Minstrel Show was revived after a 20-year lapse. Prior to regular local appearances, the cast pictured above gave per-

formances at Dayton State Hospital, Ohio Soliders and Sailors Orphans Home and Brown Hospital for Veterans, will repeat show for other lodges.



Hackensack, N. J., Elks Aid Troops in Korea

In response to a direct request from the military authorities in Korea, Hackensack Lodge No. 658 has inaugurated a drive for fishing equipment to be sent to our troops fighting there. Men taken out of the lines for necessary rest and reorganization have no form of recreation except fishing. Because of the mobility of action in Korea, no permanent recreational centers for our troops have been established.

Through the Veterans Facility at Bronx VA Hospital No. 81, the request for fishing tackle was passed on to the Saul Greenberg Memorial Veterans Cigarette Committee of No. 658, whose members have joined with the lodge's Hunting and Fishing Committee to answer the plea. A fund of \$1,500 has been raised by the Hackensack Elks for this purpose.

A kind of "lending library" is being set up at various points in Korea where troops can sign out for a fishing outfit; sign in when the tackle is returned. This method of distribution has been designed in order to have the available material get the greatest possible use.

NEW YORK ELKS BOWLING TOURNAMENT

The weekends of May 5-6, 12-13 and 19-20, 1951, will find Binghamton Lodge once again a capable host to the N. Y. State Elks Assn. Bowling Tournament, of which D. E. Whittemore of Binghamton is Chairman; M. L. Lane of Utica, Vice-Chairman; H. M. Karr of the host lodge, Director, and F. E. Carman, another Binghamton Elk, is Secy.-Treas.

The event will take place in two establishments, with a total of 16 alleys. The tourney set-up is three classes, and an entry fee of \$5 per man for each event. An increase in entries is expected, and therefore the committee urges no delay in sending reservations, closing Apr. 7th, to Floyd Carman, 249 Washington St., Binghamton.

Many social events are planned for the entertainment of bowlers and their wives.

When Calif. State Vice-President Judge Frank Linnell, center foreground, visited Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge he was paid county-wide honors as he accepted a golden "Oscar" as Chairman of the Community Chest Campaign for Newport Harbor, the first area to pass its goal.

Herrin, Ill., Elks Lead in Community Service

Herrin Lodge No. 1146 took the lead for the area when it voted to lend its entire reserve fund of \$50,000 toward the \$200,000 goal for the city's new industry building where nearly 500 men will be employed.

D.D. J. W. McCord said his lodge's action was in full compliance with Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle's program for increased community service on the part of the lodges. Chamber of Commerce Pres. Clyde Brewster, an Elk, explained the program to the 183 members at the meeting, informing them that an insurance company was lending \$800,000 toward the \$1,200,000 building, and that the remainder would be raised locally, by the citizens of this thriving industrial community.

South Dakota Elks Assn. Pres. Smith Dies Suddenly

S.D. State Assn. Pres. Wescott G. Smith, 55, a prominent Yankton businessman, was stricken fatally by a heart attack recently, just as he was leaving for Mitchell on his official lodge visitation.

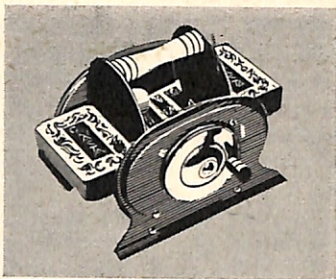
A resident of Yankton for the past 23 years, Mr. Smith had been Exalted Ruler of his lodge, and a former State Assn. Secy. He was also a member of the Knights of Columbus and United Commercial Travelers. He is survived by his wife and daughter.

Funeral services were held in the Sacred Heart Church, with interment in Sacred Heart Cemetery. Fellow Elk officials of Yankton were active pallbearers, with former and present State Elks Assn. officers as honorary pallbearers.



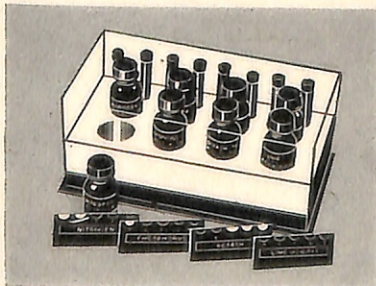
Pictured with the officers who initiated them are the DuBois, Pa., Elks who joined the Order in honor of Fred L. Newmeyer's thirtieth consecutive year as Treasurer of the lodge.

GADGETS & GIMMICKS



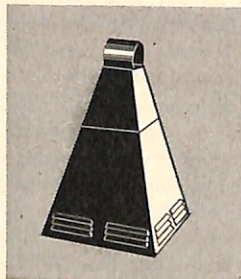
THERE seems to be little doubt that canasta is here to stay. For awhile it seemed likely that the game was only a fad, like yo-yos, mah jong, Chinese checkers and the like. But time is proving this point of view to be in error. Latest proof of this is the rash of accessories to help you enjoy the game even while being soundly trounced. Until now we've ignored these items in the faint hope that if ignored long enough they would go away. Capitulation is now in order. Here's a unique card shuffler that permits you to shuffle two, or even three, decks of cards expertly. It also will assist your wife in shuffling the deck, since Nature overlooked making women's hands large enough to handle a canasta deck satisfactorily. Its makers claim the machine shuffles the cards more thoroughly than can be done by hand and that in the process it neither bends nor mars the cards. And now, may all the red threes fall into your hands. *Voila!*

WITH so many people returning to the Service, ways to keep family members in mind and heart during long absences are welcome. Here's one good way. A photograph of wife, sweetheart or child can be permanently laminated on this unique cigarette lighter. The price for the lighter with the personal picture on it is modest. All you do is send the photograph to the company. They transfer the likeness to the lighter and you get the photo back undamaged—with the lighter.



ARMED with hoe, grubbing hook and seeds, as you probably now are, you're greeting Spring with the determined look of a man whose last year's

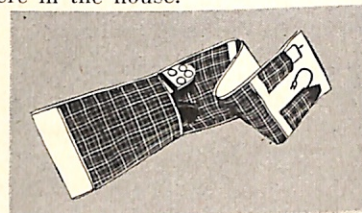
vegetable garden didn't do too well. Don't fret. Very few people's gardens produce prize crops. But this year, with a little foresight, you can do better than before; maybe you'll actually grow produce that you can eat. Here's the secret: A small soil-testing kit for the weekend farmer. The ingredients of the kit are easily employed to tell you whether the soil is too acid or too alkaline for whatever you intend to plant. It also can tell you which of the three major food elements your soil needs: nitrogen, phosphorus or potash. The makers claim the kit is simple to use; that even a child can get good results. So now you have no excuse for not growing a good mess of black-eyed peas, or whatever it is you're fond of.



THERE'S nothing like stretching out in the backyard in a reclining lawn chair to soak up a bit of sun and rest, only to have smoke, ashes and scraps of paper blow in your face. Invariably they come from a neighbor's incinerator. And, until the wind shifts a full 180 degrees, there's no way to strike back at him. You could, of course, shame him into doing what you do, that is go out and buy one of these new trash disposal units that works like a beaver to consume trash and garbage with nary a flying scrap of paper, spark, ash and no sky-darkening plume of smoke. Scientifically designed with draft apertures in its base, the unit is sturdy and will devour all refuse—wet, damp or dry. Its capacity is over two bushels and it has won the recommendation of the Bureau of Fire Prevention, no mean feat for an incinerator.

IT IS ENTIRELY possible that you have, at one time or another, ruined the plaster in the kitchen or bath trying to put up hooks on which to hang implements. It is also possible that you have won your wife's scorn for such a display of clumsy ineptitude. In the future you can turn your wife's scorn into admiration in the course of 24 hours if you are cagey enough to get these rather astonishing hooks for implement hanging. The hooks are made of plastic and their secret lies

in a new and special adhesive on the back. All you have to do is wet the back of the hook, place it in position on the plaster or tile wall and go away for a day. When you return, the hook will greet you from its home on the wall and will support weights up to 15 pounds without losing its grip. To meet your decoration requirements, the hooks come in red, green, blue, black, white, yellow and pink. Not restricted to bath or kitchen, the hooks will serve well anywhere in the house.



ONE of the troubles with the world today is that there are too many things in it and there's no place to put them. This gives countries, states, cities and homes a cluttered look which is, at times, unnerving. Since you can do little to unclutter the country, state or city, you may as well concentrate on your home, club or place of work. To get started, here is an all-around useful storage bag which can be affixed to the back of a regular closet door and is narrow enough to fit a locker door. Six pockets of various sizes can hold tools, shoes, gloves, supplies, fishing equipment — dozens of things.



AFTER the glasses-wearing age is reached, new responsibilities are added to life, new problems arise. The primary problem that harasses the masses is "Where did I leave my glasses?" In which pocket of which suit, to be precise. And the one sure way we recommend to keep from being plagued by that problem is to keep your glasses in this handsome desk glasses-case. With one of these, in either brown, green or maroon leather, plus decorative gold tooling, you can find your specs whenever you need them, and it won't scratch the lenses, either. So, you see, in addition to being useful, it's thoughtful.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 20)

tions, at least, for a starter. That is the local sporting goods store. Men who sell outdoor equipment are no more gabby than anybody else, but they can't afford to antagonize customers by clamming up at the drop of an adverb. They won't tell you about their own pet spots, but they will tell you where everybody else in the community hunts and fishes. Sometimes these places, especially where fishing is concerned, are better than you might think.

As a matter of fact, one of the great and fundamental truths about fishing in these days of good transportation is this: Nine times out of ten, the best fishing is where you see the most fishermen. This is exactly opposite to the principle upon which I operated for years, but it is true. People talk. No really good fishing spot that is accessible by road can be kept a secret for long. The trick is to get there while the spot is hot.

Some time ago, when I moved to Westchester County, New York, I was faced with the problem of learning where to fish in one of the most densely populated areas in the country. It was tough. Metropolitan anglers don't go around putting up signs telling where you can catch a trout.

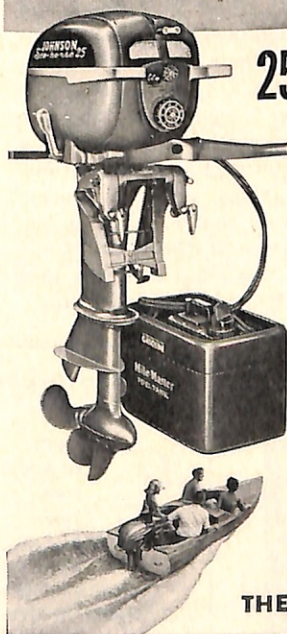
ONE day, driving past the upper end of Kensico Reservoir, we noticed that the banks were lined with fishermen. We had heard of a few lake trout being caught there, but we hadn't paid much attention to the rumors. Now it occurred to us that there must be a reason for hundreds of anglers being here while many of the other New York City watershed lakes were virtually deserted.

My wife and I slipped over (we lived only a few miles away) the next morning at dawn. We caught five lake trout—the smallest four pounds, the largest 13—and I got to work in the city by ten o'clock. For the next two weeks we had just about the hottest fishing that I ever saw—and that doesn't exclude remote places in Canada and the Northwest.

Of course, there is fishing and fishing, and a lot of anglers don't like to have to elbow their way into the water in order to make a cast. There is only one way to find the uncrowded spots where you can catch a few fish and still enjoy a little privacy; that is to start out looking.

I did a lot of looking in Westchester County, too, and the results were most rewarding. Another angler and I made a nice catch of natives out of a swamp brook one day, and we didn't see another fisherman from the time we left the car until we started home. This stream didn't look like much where the road crosses it—just a trickle of brownish water—but one day when I was grouse hunting I blundered upon it farther back in the

(Continued on page 45)



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

Chicago (South) Lodge No. 1596 sent the largest delegation to the meeting, led by E.R. Peter P. Thomas, while Old-Timer Charles Loutzenhiser, soon to celebrate his 91st birthday, headed the delegation from Chicago Lodge No. 4. Des Plaines, Elmhurst, Cicero-Berwyn, Evanston, Highland Park, Blue Island and Elgin, Ill., and Manistee, Mich., and Lakeland, Fla. Lodges were represented.

The three-day 50th Anniversary of KEWANEE, ILL., LODGE NO. 724, was celebrated on Jan. 22nd, 23rd and 24th, and on the 23rd Mr. and Mrs. Kyle were greeted by D.D. J. Wood McCord and his wife, and Dist. Vice-Pres. Orval Bogard. Over 300 Elks and their ladies attended the Anniversary Banquet that evening during which Mr. Kyle presented 50-year pins to Senior P.E.R. I. F. Myers, Dr. P. A. Helmer, an Elk since 1899, and W. T. Pierce. Welcome was extended by E.R. Paul A. Cushman, and P.E.R. M. E. O'Connor was a capable Toastmaster, introducing Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, State Assn. Secy. Albert W. Arnold, D.D.'s McCord, A. B. Shacklett and Vice-Pres. Frank R. Warnhoff, Mr. Bogard, Mrs. Kyle, and many others. After dinner, the Anniversary Ball was held. Earlier in the day a tea took place at the lodge home, and the observance closed on the 24th with a buffet lunch and stag party.

Leaving Kewanee that morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party drove to LITCHFIELD LODGE NO. 654 for luncheon, later stopping at MURPHYSBORO LODGE NO. 572 where Mr. Kyle presented 50-year pins to two members. At the home of CARBONDALE LODGE NO. 1234 a small and pleasant reception was enjoyed, previous to the group's driving on to the home of MARION LODGE NO. 800 in the heart of the coal mining district, known as "Little Egypt". State Pres. and Mrs. Giles welcomed the visitors as their house guests



A general view of the banquet room of the Purdue Union Memorial Building when Lafayette, Ind., Lodge paid tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle and State President Thomas E. Burke.

during their stay. That evening the Ill. South District Exalted Rulers honored Mr. Kyle at a dinner arranged by Marion Lodge and attended by Mr. Giles, State Treas. Charles W. Clabaugh, Vice-Pres.-at-Large William Wolf and D.D. McCord. Later, in the presence of 500 Elks, a 160-man Joseph B. Kyle Class was initiated by officers of the District's lodges.

The following morning, accompanied by E.R. Kenneth Powless and other Marion Elks, E.R. Eugene Moroni and fellow members of Herrin Lodge, P.D.D.'s Dolph L. Bradshaw and Albert W. Jeffreys, and several other dignitaries, Mr. Kyle was taken on a three-hour tour of the Consolidated Coal Co.'s Lake Creek Mine where the Order's leader had the rare opportunity of operating several mining machines. An afternoon reception for 600 Elks and their ladies, given by Marion Elks, followed and that evening, in the spacious lodge room of HERRIN LODGE NO. 1146, Mr. Kyle was guest of honor at a gala banquet attended by 300 persons.

On the 26th, the Kyles and Mr. and Mrs. Giles drove to the home of FLORA LODGE NO. 1659 for a special luncheon.

Nearly 1,000 Elks and their wives, representing 15 lodges, attended the Northwest District Conference at the magnificent home of LIMA, OHIO, LODGE NO. 54. Closing with a banquet Jan. 28th, the Conference had Mr. Kyle as its principal speaker, along with District Chairman Dwight L. Meyers, who conducted the business session, D.D. Harold S. Green and State Chaplain Rev. Richard J. Connelly. P.E.R. Fred C. Current was General Chairman for the two-day meeting at which State Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart announced that buildings and facilities of the State's 91 lodges would be put at the disposal of state and local Civil Defense agencies. Mr. Kyle addressed a large radio audience over Station WLOK during his stay as the guest of E.R. William Emerson and his Brother Elks; another highlight of the visit was his interview with the Boy Scout Troops.



Seated at one of the gaily decorated tables during the dinner given in honor of the Order's leader by Hartford City, Ind., Lodge were, left to right: Mrs. Henry L. Hampton, Exalted Ruler Robert B. Evans, Mrs. Kyle, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. Evans and lodge Secy. Hampton.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Itinerary March 1951

Date	Place	
1	Travel	17 Jacksonville, Fla.
2	La Junta, Colo.	18 (Noon) St. Augustine, Fla.
3	Travel	(Night) Daytona Beach, Fla.
4	Travel	19 (Noon) New Smyrna Beach, Fla.
5	Nashville, Tenn.	(Night) Orlando, Fla.
6 (Noon)	Huntsville, Ala.	20 (Noon) West Palm Beach, Fla.
(Night)	Birmingham, Ala.	(Night) Miami Beach, Fla.
7 (Noon)	Anniston, Ala.	21 Travel
(Night)	Buckhead, Ga.	22 Travel
8 (Noon)	Athens, Ga.	23 Fort Myers, Fla.
(Night)	Anderson, So. Car.	24 Tampa, Fla.
9	Travel	25 Tallahassee, Fla.
10	St. Louis, Mo.	26 (Noon) Pensacola, Fla.
11	Charlotte, No. Car.	(Night) Mobile, Ala.
12	Rock Hill, So. Car.	27 Travel
13	Augusta, Ga.	28 Travel
14	Valdosta, Ga.	29 Travel
15	Valdosta, Ga.	30 Travel
16	Valdosta, Ga.	31 Shelby, Mont.

"Ami, Go Home!"

(Continued from page 5)

signet-rings and dollar-signs on the bands of their fat cigars. Portraits of Uncle Sam in an army officer's uniform, with a dollar-sign for an emblem on his cap, brandishing a fistful of grenades as his heavy boots trample a prostrate German civilian. A two-story-high billboard on *Unter Den Linden*, depicting a map of Berlin: the Russian sector—in pretty pastel colors—is dotted with German children rolling hoops, German women gathering flowers, German men singing as they pitch hay; but the American sector—dark-shaded by contrast—is ominously studded with guns and planes and tanks. Militarists, warmongers, capitalists. "Ami, go home!" the strident propaganda shouts.

One bit of Soviet culture strikes you as peculiarly typical, as you stroll down the bare *Unter Den Linden*, stripped by the Russians of the last of its trees. Here is the beautiful monument erected after World War I to honor the German dead. It was undamaged by the bombs, but the Russians have made one significant change. Above the marble columns, the lettering formerly read: "*Ehrenmal Unbekannten Soldat*"—the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The communists have altered the last word. Today it reads: "*Ehrenmal Unbekannten Arbeiter*"—the Tomb of the Unknown Worker.

BUT—IT WORKS

Clumsy propaganda—but it works. Childish, even comic—but, backed by fear, it is effective. Russian-trained "civilian police" are everywhere, armed and ready to pounce on any skeptic who dares to smile. Fraternization with Americans is a crime. Night after night, they informed us in the American zone, the Russian-controlled radios in Berlin and Leipzig broadcast the names of German civilians who are working at our bases. Maids and mess-attendants are quitting their jobs because they have relatives living in the Russian zone who might suffer, or because they dread what would happen to them if the Russians advance westward.

The Germans themselves are all too aware of the present Russian strength. They insist that the Reds have not less than 30 armored divisions in East Germany today, organized on a complete war footing, with motorized units, jet fighters and bombers, and modern tanks—ready to strike on only a few hours' notice. They know, on the other hand, that we have at the moment two American and two British divisions, plus our Air Force contingent of jet-fighters. They have heard the threat repeated over and over that Moscow would not stand idly by while Western Germany builds a new army under the Atlantic Pact. They see the Russian finger caressing the trigger of

the loaded gun—and Germans, unarmed, standing helpless before it.

"Ami, go home!" Fear-propaganda is powerful indeed when it is backed up by 30 divisions.

And how are we offsetting its effects? How are we making out in the current war of propaganda? What are we doing to win over the German people to our side?

WE'LL NEED THEM

For win them we must. Every soldier and airman in Germany believes that. The freedom loving nations of Europe will need the help of all communist-hating peoples everywhere, the men stationed over here know, in the bitter struggle to keep Europe free. They'll need allies to fight on the ground and in the air. They need them to fight in a determined and unyielding resistance movement. The French underground was a source of invaluable strength to us in the last war. How can we form a strong German underground to help us in this one?

A handful of Americans has found the answer. These are the U. S. forces in Germany, who are looking daily down the Russian gun-barrel. They are the men who would be the first to fight if Stalin sounds the gong.

Talk to some of these men who form our first line of defense. Visit one of the Air Force fighter-bases, for example, where F86 jets are ready to thunder off the runway the moment the Russians strike. Look in on one of the isolated Airways Communications and Weather Stations along the very rim of the Iron Curtain—the men who are closest to the enemy today. In Korea, the Air Force covers the front lines; in Germany, the Air Force is the front line. See what our front-line Americans are doing to counter the Red propaganda of fear and hatred of freedom.

These fighter-pilots and crews are hard-headed realists, you see. You get to think realistically, when you live under the ever-present shadow of war. While the public back home has been debating *whether* to bring in the Germans as allies, here they have been debating *how* to bring in the Germans as allies. Quietly, unobtrusively—following Commissioner McCloy's directive—they have changed themselves from an army of occupation to an army of education—selling America overseas.

HAS BEEN CHANGED

No longer do you see the signs "No Germans Allowed" around our bases. Now German civilians are invited into officers' homes. German girls are welcomed to dances at the Service Clubs. German basketball teams play Air Force teams on the gymnasium courts. Airmen

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voluntarily attend classes to learn the German language. Recently at Weisbaden, the Civic Opera House, which had been taken over by our troops after the war, was returned to the citizens. Said Lt. Gen. John Cannon, then the Commanding General of our Air Forces in Europe, "Music to the Germans is like the movies to us." Last summer the Air Force band gave frequent public concerts on the mall in the city—and over 15,000 Germans came to listen. "If we preach democracy," a veteran crew-chief explained frankly, "we've got to practice democracy."

WHAT WE'RE DOING

Little efforts; but they are beginning to count. More important, because it is more permanent, is the effort our armed forces in Germany are making to win over the German children. The American-sponsored German Youth Association—the GYA—has already proven more effective than a million propaganda words. Out of their own pockets, last Christmas, the airmen and GIs at our bases bought presents for all German youngsters, from five to 18, living in the surrounding towns. They wrote letters back to their hometown newspapers in the States, broadcasting the appeal, and additional gifts poured in to swell Santa Claus' pack. Airmen in carpentry shops built toys, enlisted men in electrical shops wired lights and tree-ornaments. In Stuttgart, Americans gave a Christmas party for all the bedridden children in the Orthopedic Hospital, in a destroyed section of the city. In Nürnberg, lottery tickets were sold to buy 6,000 pounds of candy and 140,000 oranges, in order to make Christmas happier for at least 100,000 German youngsters there; a 25-man choral group from the 122nd TT Battalion sang carols at the post-stockade. At Neubiberg Air Base, 200 orphans from Munich received a pair of new shoes apiece, as well as toys, a Christmas stocking with candy and fruit, and a full Christmas dinner—all paid for by the servicemen and their families. At Karlsruhe, GYA representatives from each battery of the 552nd AAA Gun Battalion raised funds for a huge party at the City Orphanage and, in addition, A Battery "adopted" a complete family from Kneilingen, and will provide each member with clothing throughout the year. In Berlin, 14,300 German children were entertained, and more than \$12,000 was collected for the 90 separate parties in the ruined city.

Our men in Berlin did more than that. To make sure that the communists did not miss the full effect of their effort, the Air Force base at Tempelhof loaded a truck with candy, oranges and red-white-and-blue balls, parked it at the very edge of the Russian sector, and airmen in uniform handed out free gifts to every German kid who passed by. Even the communist loud-speaker was silenced for once.

The men stationed at Tempelhof have

a personal reason for hating the commies, it might be added parenthetically. The Tempelhof airport is one of the great architectural and engineering wonders of the world, with factories and airplane assembly-rooms extending eight stories below the street, and with a cantilever awning of steel (no columns or supports) extending out over the field, capable of sheltering the world's largest aircraft. The beautiful building, of stone and marble, was still virtually intact at the time that Germany surrendered. Then, when the city was partitioned at the Potsdam conference, the Russians learned that the airport would be in the American sector. For the next two weeks, till our troops arrived, they went to work systematically with bombs, with dynamite, with flame-throwers, even with hammers and hatchets, to make it unusable for us. Today the building is gutted and despoiled, a monument to Russian bestiality and planned destruction.

FOR YOUTHS

Not only at Christmas-time are our armed forces giving their time and money to the counter-propaganda effort. The gymnasiums on the bases have been opened to German youths, and GIs are training the boys to play volleyball and basketball, or putting on the gloves with them and teaching them to box. Local GYA clubs—run on the same basis as Boy Scout organizations in the States, since they cannot be self-supporting and must be sustained by voluntary contributions—are teaching the youngsters car-

pentry, radio, electrical engineering. Near our air-base at Neubiberg, the airmen have established a complete Boy's Town—along the lines of Father Flanagan's famous effort—where displaced German youths are given a home and taught the American principles of democracy.

Mind you, these soldiers and airmen are mostly veterans of the last war. Many of these same fighter-pilots were engaging the Germans in combat a half-dozen years ago. But today, with the menace of communism hanging over Europe, with a full-scale war lurking just around the corner, they believe—as combat-veterans—that there is a need for enlisting all possible aid on our side. Privately, and of course unofficially, many of them would like to see the Luftwaffe re-established, to fight beside us in the sky. They are convinced—for they are air people, and airmen speak a common language—that the Germans hate the Russians with an historic hate. They hope we will make use of the Luftwaffe's vast technical skill, as well as its proven flying ability, in the coming struggle for survival. "We'll need everyone we can get on our team," the airmen solemnly say.

Our own men understand the German reluctance to fight alongside us, unless they are accepted as allies. They do not think it was unreasonable for the Germans to ask us to treat them as equals, if we asked them to risk their lives as equals. They do not feel that the Germans were driving too shrewd a bargain



when they looked askance at our present offer to form 5,000-man combat-teams, and demanded instead full military status: comparable ranks, mutual salutes, equal mess facilities, equal dependent and medical care, retirement pay, professional security. "When you formed the South Korean army, did you give them 'cast off' clothing and equipment?" a former German officer asked bitterly. "Did you subjugate them below your own standards?" Another former Luftwaffe officer was equally frank: "The sooner the nations of the West can remove the prejudices and reservations which jeopardize mutual relations, the better for our co-operation for the sake of a free world and the foundations of a real peace."

Already a number of ex-Luftwaffe Germans, living outside the territorial limits of Germany, have indicated a strong desire to return and assist in the development and rebuilding of German air-power. General Galand, one-time fighter chief of the Luftwaffe, is now working for the Argentine government in the development of the Argentinean aircraft industry; he has stated publicly that he would return to Germany—men who were not too iden-

tified with the Nazi machine, men whom we feel we might trust—at any time to assist in fighting the Russians, if he could work as an ally. Kurt Tank, who was chief designer for Messerschmidt during World War II, is also in Argentina, together with approximately 60 leading aeronautical engineers; he would return eagerly to the Fatherland to help in the coming struggle—with the same proviso. A former Luftwaffe sergeant, who flew JU52's and JU88's in the war, and who is now working at an officer's mess near Munich, told us flatly, "Half my friends here in Germany would join up at once—provided we had equal status. What are the Americans waiting for?" Our people overseas think, unofficially, that it's a good question.

Our fighter-pilots stationed in Germany will fight a good war in the air when the time comes. They are fighting a good war right now, on the ground. Instinctively, out of their own human impulses, they found the effective answer to Red propaganda out of East Berlin. They are countering fear with faith.

"Ami, go home? Commie, go home," they retort. "We're here to stay."

Charles Spencer Hart

(Continued from page 11)

ties Committee, serving three terms, one as Chairman.

His service as Grand Exalted Ruler was most creditable to him, most beneficial to the Order and very effective in a broader field. One of the outstanding programs which he nationalized and emphasized through the cooperation of the lodges of the Order was one of the most progressive and effective highway safety campaigns the country has ever known.

After serving as Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Hart returned to public relations work, but when we were forced into World War II he reentered the Army.

He was given the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and during the War conducted U. S. Army Shows throughout the country, playing an important part in Army Emergency Relief. Following the War, Mr. Hart was an executive with national advertising agencies. During the past few years he contributed materially to the work of the Boy Scouts and the development of lodge sponsorship of Troops.

Mr. Hart is survived by his wife, and three daughters by a previous marriage.

Charles Spencer Hart was an outstanding personality whose contributions to the Order long will be remembered.

Is It Worth a Million?

(Continued from page 17)

ready buyers. As the cost of preparation is exceedingly small—the uranium in U-235 drinking water is 1 part in 1 billion—and the price pleasantly high—\$2 a bottle—the income is often practically clear profit.

It seems advisable to avoid cancer and tuberculosis cures, enormous publicity campaigns having made the public wary of cure claims. Polio cures are rapidly becoming the sole province of medical specialists, too. But almost any other human misery has ignorant sufferers who will try anything in hope of relief. Ignorance isn't always the major factor, either. A man who is chronically ill loses a sense of discernment. Desperately he clutches at straws and sometimes he kills himself grasping. The cure operator knows this and is Johnny-on-the-spot to give him something to grasp at—for high pay. Some successful schemes have paid off

handsomely. Two Indianapolis doctors, who saw it might take them a lifetime to get rich in ordinary practice, opened a diabetes clinic and offered to cure sufferers from this awful disease. They sold a nostrum compounded of vinegar and saltpeter for \$30 a gallon, advised their patients to cut out insulin and eat whatever they liked. They had built up a business that in 10 years grossed \$6,000,000 before some noney parker discovered that in one batch of patients, 12 lapsed into diabetic coma and five died. Even so the brothers did well. They were sentenced only to three years.

A medical degree is a valuable asset in the cure business and the operator who takes his profession seriously should invest in one. They are not expensive and cause little inconvenience. One fellow got one from a diploma mill in this country for \$133 and then launched his fabu-

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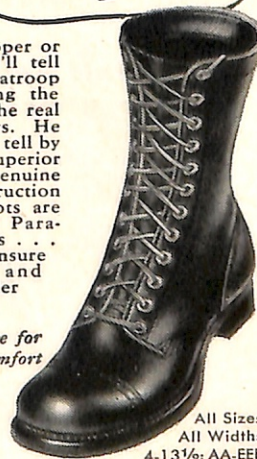
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lous Spectro-Chrome business, which attracted 9,000 users for a mechanical gadget that lighted up impressively and sputtered mysteriously. It was designed to diagnose and cure almost any ailment. The smart little man not only sold machines, he charged practitioners a fee of \$250 to learn to use them.

Another success set himself up as a naturopath, a handy term that excites interest without revealing anything. He sold a machine for as much as \$3,000 which put electricity into his patients to cure ills the machine had previously diagnosed. Unfortunately, though he claimed the machine cured arthritis, he was himself chair bound with the disease.

IT DID NOTHING

Medical gadgets sell huge quantities. A "mechanical heart" at \$19.50 each sold 250,000. Some are especially adapted for the squeamish entrepreneur because, being harmless, little moral stigma attaches to their distribution. A maker of electric belts designed to rejuvenate the aging and infirm, for example, had his lucrative business interrupted by no more than six months in jail and \$1,000 fine. If the belt didn't do any good, the judge felt, it didn't do any harm either. In fact it didn't do anything.

A brush with the law is an occupational hazard but under such circumstances not a serious one. Nevertheless, a man who has been once convicted thereafter operates under a special handicap of drop-in visits from U. S. government employees who take a deep personal interest in his progress. The pesky Federals can also be annoying to anyone who operates a scheme that has been tried before and been found wanting, in a strict, legalistic sense. It is probably wise to avoid such propositions and as a guide to young, progressive operators here are a few which have displeased the courts: copper and zinc shoe plates enabling the wearer to generate his own "electricity" and stimulate blood circulation; insecticides that kill bugs but also kill people; a gimmick that expands hydrogen atoms and, therefore, "expands every atom in your being"; the use of squalene, a shark liver oil, to imitate real olive oil in salad dressings, and machines which flash colored lights on the user, thereby improving his psyche.

EYE ON VITAMINS

Vitamin pills are deeply suspected also, when sold by house-to-house canvassers who claim to provide a series of treatments. But some are being sold today with the sound profit ratio of \$1 worth of pills for \$12 or \$20, depending on the means of the buyer. Incidentally, the Far West, mid-West and South, in that order, supply the most anxious customers for medical gadgets. The field isn't overcrowded, every arrest by the Federal cops leaves an opening.

Another way to knock off a quick 25 grand is the bankruptcy route. While

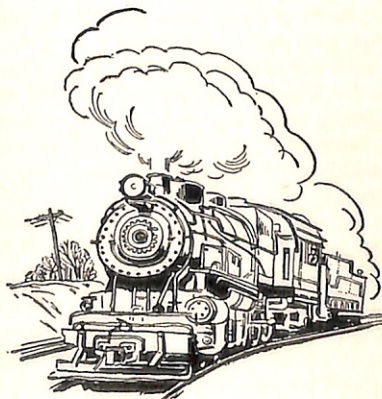
this calls for the level head and balanced nervous system which usually develop only after long practice, it offers certain attractions for the novice because he is seldom immediately suspected, unless his technique is crude. In this unhappy circumstance the sooner he finds out the better.

The essential ingredient in a profitable bankruptcy is accumulated merchandise on credit. The established and rather crass method of accumulation is to buy from a manufacturer who is as careless and as far away as possible. As quickly as the goods arrive they are sold at cut rate for cash. Then the entrepreneur takes a powder, turns up in another city under another name and repeats the process, ad infinitum. Obviously, this is a sound procedure but it has the disadvantage of keeping one constantly on the jump, usually with a pack of private and persistent eyes not far behind. It also presumes that a succession of eager but otherwise inept manufacturers will somehow survive in business and still ship goods on credit without evidence of financial stability from the consignee. The mortality among credit careless manufacturers nowadays is too high to insure a permanent career based on this simple technique.

CREDIT COMES FIRST

More customary, therefore, is for the man of enterprise to establish a credit rating by doing a legitimate business temporarily, or by imitating the name of a reputable firm. Then he acquires a huge consignment of quickly disposable goods by lying about his financial position. He claims non-existent assets and, if no check-up is made, he's in. When the bills come due he files in bankruptcy, having carefully concealed his profits on the deal for later enjoyment. Since bankruptcy is permitted only once each seven years, this method must be operated as big business, and it is. After World War I fraudulent failures in New York City alone topped \$75,000,000 a year. Nowadays, because the National Association of Credit Men secured some 1,800 convictions, the total take has been cut to around \$6,000,000 a year, which still is enough to make half-dozen millionaires.

The ingenuity of some of these fraud-



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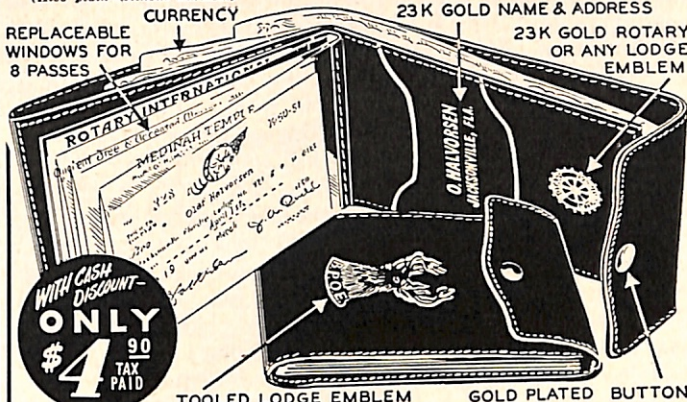
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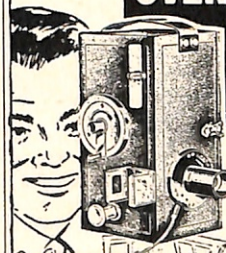
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ulent schemes is admirable even when they fail. Bearing in mind that the whole idea is to turn assets into cash and let creditors hold the bag, a favorite device is to holler fire and swear the merchandise went up in smoke. One fellow who was just a shade over-eager hired a truck and hauled away a loft full of huge bolts of worsted cloth. Then he claimed thieves had cleaned him out through a hole he had cut in the ceiling. His chagrin was touching when detectives showed a jury that the goods couldn't have been stolen that way; the hole was too small to accommodate such big bolts.

NEEDS A GANG

Big money bankruptcy schemes involving \$200,000 or more rarely can be managed by only one or two men. They call for an elaborate organization involving at least four principals, each of whom is a specialist. The brains of the group does the planning, invests most of the capital and is usually the last one to go to Leavenworth. In true movie style he is called the Ace. His chief assistant is the Frontman. He is the only one the creditors see and it is his job to persuade them to ship enough merchandise on credit to make the operation profitable. A third operator is called the Mover. He takes delivery of the merchandise and moves it along as promptly as possible to another confederate, called the Fence, whose func-

tion is to get the merchandise back into normal trade channels in a cash sale that can't be traced back to the gang.

Obviously, this staff of managers must work fast and with an occasional over-the-shoulder glance to see who might be peeking. What annoys the Federals, particularly, is for such a gang to send prospective victims an exaggerated statement of financial resources. Sending such a statement through the mails is fraud and punishable by five years in prison. Sending it by messenger boy, oddly enough, entails only the minor risk of a local 90-day misdemeanor charge.

Because he must keep moving in order to accumulate a fortune without interference from the law, the bankruptcy entrepreneur needs a disciplined memory so he can keep track of who he is. His name and his business connections are subject to change every few weeks. One operator who was temporarily detained by the law waited in vain for his wife to show up with an attorney to get him out of jail. He had changed his name so often she couldn't remember what alias he was using.

But the unhappiest of all was the successful director of several slick deals which had netted him a fortune. To clear his record of any legal debts he planned to go through bankruptcy. Then he expected to retire to a life of ease on the proceeds he had carefully stashed away

in numerous banks. But when the time came to use the money he discovered his one mistake. To make certain he would avoid detection he had destroyed all his records. He couldn't remember what names he had used making his cash deposits.

TWO EXAMPLES

Not everyone can be expected to conduct himself on a big scale and every philosophy of business endeavor inevitably attracts some peanut vendors. Here is how two of the lightweights tried to make a fast dollar:

In Milwaukee a choice of rose or pine scented electric light bulbs were offered at \$5.85. They were odorless.

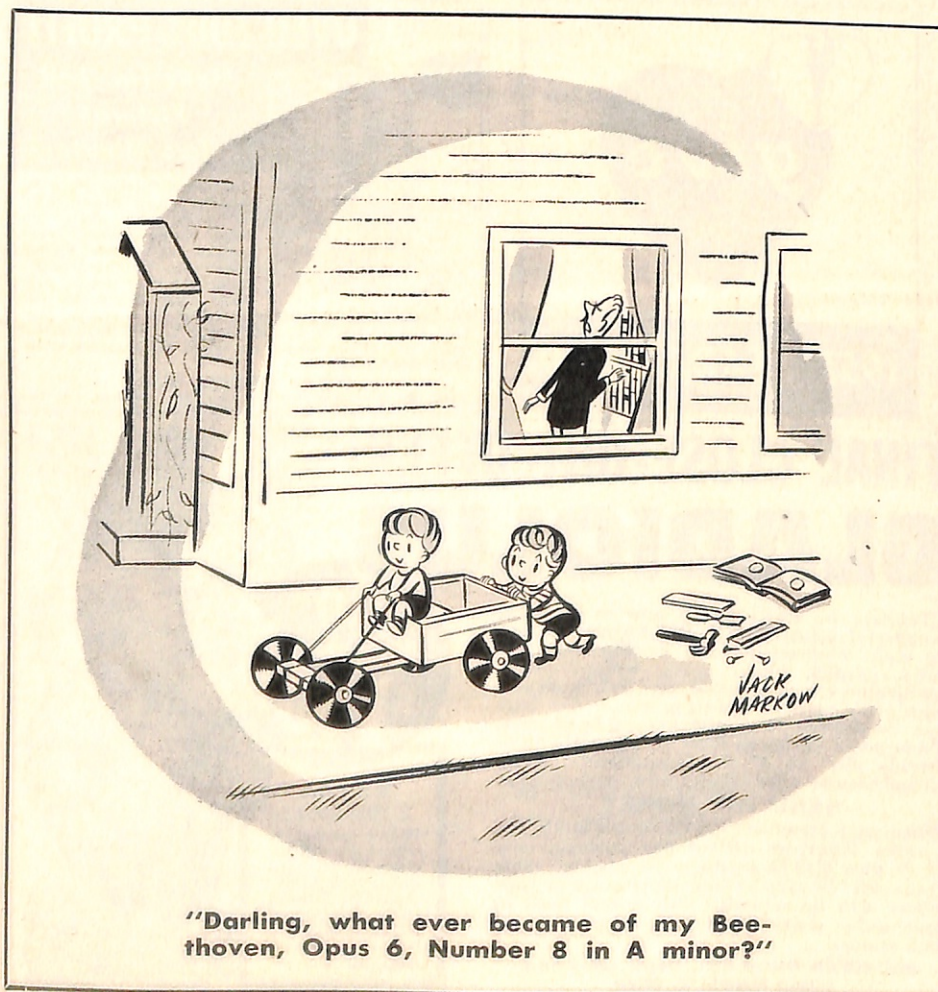
In Texas some quick operators sold 50,000 gallons of guaranteed anti-freeze with a chloride base. It stopped water from freezing all right, but the solution corroded every engine and radiator it was used in.

But these small fry merely accentuate by contrast the possibilities inherent in a proposition where a man is willing to pitch in and work. In 1927 was begun one of the most fabulously successful schemes of the century, when Hugh B. Monjar started Decimo Clubs, Inc. Monjar enticed thousands of members to pay \$20 initiation fees and \$2 monthly dues. In return he promised nothing more than the hope that by sticking together the members could help one another get ahead. Monjar drew a salary of \$3,000 a month, considered handsome in those days, and had control of most of the fees and dues. Members were not encouraged to complain against his leadership.

NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED

A Federal investigation led to the disbanding of Decimo, and Monjar thereupon, in 1932, organized a similar club called Business Executives Association, Inc. This lasted only a couple of years before investigators caught up with it and Monjar again disbanded. Then in 1934 he began his major work, the Mantle Clubs, which he organized in cities from coast to coast and from Los Angeles to Seattle. These clubs were also associations to advance members by a peculiar osmosis but they were much more shrewdly put together. It was nine years before the Federals got evidence enough to send Monjar away for five years. Evidence introduced in court on which he was convicted indicated Monjar had worked his Mantle Clubs for a grand total of \$7,666,631! In addition he had picked up side money in other personal enterprises of \$1,106,114.

After several years in the penitentiary Monjar was paroled and his Mantle Clubs that were still operating welcomed him back as a martyr. I don't know how he has been making out in the last year or so but on one premise I'll take my bottom dollar. Whatever Hugh B. Monjar is today, I'll bet he isn't broke.



"Darling, what ever became of my Beethoven, Opus 6, Number 8 in A minor?"

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 37)

swamp. There were a lot of deep, shaded pools and I saw brook trout in them. When fishing season came around, we returned and did all right.

I mentioned Westchester County only because the competition there is about as tough as you will find anywhere in the country. You can do the same thing anywhere else with equally satisfactory results. You will discover that exploring not only is enjoyable in itself, but sometimes it pays off with more, better and bigger fish, too.

Prowling the country in search of places to fish is more or less optional. If you don't want to do it, you still can go where everybody else goes. There is no choice when it comes to hunting. You either have to get out and find your own covers and your own game or do without.

Of course, you can inquire. Any of the various state departments of conservation will tell you, in a general way, where to hunt. The trouble is that they have to tell everybody else the same thing. The best they can do is to say, for example, that Goofus County is a good place for pheasants. Once you get to Goofus County, you still have to wander around and decide upon the area that looks most promising.

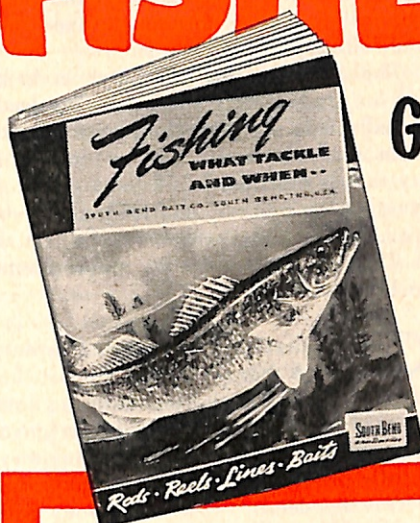
One thing always to keep in mind is that all game requires food, cover and water. Fertile soil that produces lots of food will always have more game than infertile soil with poor food, provided there is sufficient cover.

WHEN you're out for a drive during the summer or early autumn, remember to watch for places where you might like to hunt later on. When you see one, stop and go in and have a talk with the landowner. Most farmers are much more approachable a month before the season opens than they are after the thundering herd descends upon the countryside. Furthermore, they realize that the thoughtful hunter who comes and talks to them and then, later, parks his car in the yard and asks permission before invading their fields is not going to shoot stock, break down fences or damage crops.

It would be foolish, in an article of this length, to attempt to describe the best places in which to look for quail, pheasants, grouse, woodcock and all the other varieties of game that are found in the United States. Instead, let me suggest this: Make a habit of observing the general characteristics of the spots in which you find game. Many nimrods become expert at this and can pick the hot spots out of poor or mediocre cover with surprising regularity. Once you begin to discover the conditions that game likes, the battle is two-thirds won.

One day, several years ago, my brother and I were hunting pheasants in eastern

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Oregon. We tried until the middle of the afternoon with only mediocre success, and while this particular area was new to us, still we thought we knew enough about pheasants that we should have seen more birds than we did.

Early in the morning we had hunted a big wheat stubble, but the few birds that were in it had flushed wild. A couple of sugar-beet fields, which are often hot spots for pheasants, had been no better. Along toward the middle of the day we had driven a couple of cornfields, and a cornfield ordinarily is a mighty good bet between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. This time we drew a blank.

Finally, we noticed a horrible tangle of brush, weeds and rank grass along a creek. It would be tough hunting, but it was the only heavy cover among hundreds of acres of cultivated fields. It offered both protection and water, and the grain fields nearby had plenty of food. The pheasants could slip out and get it during the early morning and late evening.

We waded into the tangle. It was worse than we had thought. Even the dog hardly could get through. Pheasants were practically stacked in it, however, and we shot our limits in half an hour.

The experience was proof of one important point: Everybody hunts the easy spots. Late in the season, after the game gets wild, choose the tough ones and you're likely to be rewarded.

The problems you encounter in looking for big game are much more involved. Usually it is necessary to get back away from roads and houses and to hunt country that is new to you. A local guide, at least for the first trip in strange territory, usually is a wise investment. In fact, it is illegal in some states for non-residents to hunt without one.

ONLY deer are distributed widely enough that sportsmen in most sections of the country have a chance to hunt them close to home. If you are fortunate enough to live near good deer territory, a little pre-season scouting will pay wonderful dividends. Just keep your eyes open while you're fishing, bird hunting and driving along the back roads. No deer that ever lived can go from one spot to another without making tracks. Lots of deer tracks mean lots of deer, and that means a good place to hunt.

The first time I took my wife deer hunting, we drove about fifty miles out of town before dawn on the opening day of

the season, parked the car, climbed half a mile up a mountain, walked a quarter-mile around the side and then sat down to wait quietly. In half an hour we heard loud talk and the slamming of car doors as hunters parked their cars and started into the woods below.

A few minutes later, three deer, a doe, a little buck and a big buck with four points on each side, came sneaking up the glade in front of us. My wife shot the big buck. Not knowing me so well then as she does now, she concluded that I must be a superb hunter.

All I had done was to drive slowly around the back roads before the season opened until I saw the abundance of tracks that indicated a deer-crossing. We got there early and the other hunters pushed them up the mountain to us.

Of course, a lot of times when you are prowling around looking for fishing or hunting you will find nothing. That is all right, too. If it were easy, everybody would be doing it and there would be nothing left. As it is, the thrill of finding a spot where, as my Cousin Alvin put it, "The hand of man has never set its foot," really is sufficient reward in itself. If you are lucky, and get fish or game there later the prize is doubly sweet.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 24)

word, and in teaching any trick employ the fewest possible words. Dogs do not understand sentences—although, in time, they will seem to by recognizing certain "key" words. When teaching, it is best that no one else be in the room to distract the dog's attention—especially no other animals. Confine your talk to the

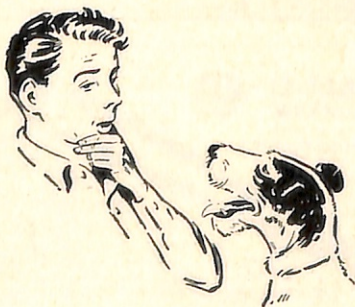
dog to command words; any other words at that time will confuse him. Give your orders in a sharper tone than you would use ordinarily, and make your voice firm. But, again, *do not* shout at the dog and *do not* lose your temper if your pet is slow to learn.

Many dogs seem to regard it as an im-

portant and pleasant little duty to fetch things at your command; of course, dogs used for hunting must master the business of retrieving. For the fetching lesson, which can be taught either indoors or out, fasten a long rope to your dog's collar, then show some small article to the dog. If it is a favorite toy, so much the better. However, it should not be a ball, which is likely to roll too far away; something light in weight, yet solid, that will stay put, is fine. While holding one end of the rope, toss the article away from the dog after giving him a chance to smell it and recognize it. When throwing the article, give the command "fetch". Do not throw it farther than the length of the rope, or beyond the dog's reach. Excite the animal to go after the object by gesturing and repeating the command word. If he doesn't seem to understand at first, lead him to the article and encourage him to pick it up. When he learns to go after it, the next command should be "bring"—for him to bring it back to you—and here's where the rope comes in. At first, your dog won't know what you want, so a gentle but firm hauling on the rope may be used to bring the dog back to you. Don't let him drop the object until you give the next command—"drop it". If he drops it before you give him the word, put it back in his mouth and firmly clamp your hands over his jaws, saying the word "hold". If he should refuse to drop it, take it from him—very gently.

When your dog has learned this part

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of the lesson, drill him without the rope. Indoors you can teach him to get other small objects with which he is familiar, such as his leash. But always see to it that these articles are well within his reach. I know one little Welsh terrier who gets his boss' cigarettes and matches for him every evening after dinner. Of course, they're always placed on a low table, but the little fellow has been taught to fetch them from as far as two rooms away. You can teach your dog to do the same, if you have the patience. One of my own dogs thought he was the most important fellow in the world when he would trot along beside me carrying my morning paper, or a small basket containing a few light purchases.

WHEN you teach your dog to fetch its leash, give him two command words: "leash—out". Since the dog learns quickly that the word "out" means an outing for him, he'll connect the word "leash" with it automatically, and more readily learn this lesson. See to it that the object you want your dog to fetch always is located in the same place. For instance, if you want him to get your slippers, don't hide them under the bed one time and in the closet the next. A fixed location is important.

To teach Fido to speak on command is easy. Tie him up and, standing beyond his reach, show him a favored tidbit (you might even let him smell it). Then give him the command word "speak", each time he lunges for it; I know, this is teasing, but it is not harmful to the dog. Eventually, in his excitement, he'll bark, and when he does, give him the morsel immediately and be lavish with your praise; dogs react quickly to this.

Getting your pet to sit on command is a very necessary lesson that should be learned by all house pets. Here again, we'll use a corner of the room. Holding the dog's collar with one hand, press firmly on his rear, pushing it to the floor,

with the other hand. The command is "sit". The "sit-up" trick is simply a continuation: again hold the dog's collar, or raise his forepaws with one hand, and use the other to hold his rear to the floor, commanding him to "sit up". Always give the dog support for his front legs, or pull up on his collar, until he has learned the lesson. When he seems to know what the command means, move him to the center of the room and repeat the drill. Teaching the dog to stand up is a further continuation of the "sit" stunt; again the corner of the room is used, so the side walls will give him added support. Hold a bit of meat or some other treat just above his head, just out of his reach, so that he'll have to stand on his hind legs to get it; the command should be "stand-up".

Another lesson that isn't really a trick any more than is the "sit" stunt—because it is necessary to good canine behavior—is to train your dog to stand still on command. Most show dogs, and all show obedience-trained dogs, must learn this lesson: Grasp the dog's collar with one hand and put your other hand under his stomach. Give the command "stand". This must be repeated until the dog learns to stand until you give the "all right" for him to break the stance.

The dog that will lie down quietly and stay as long as his boss desires is a joy to have, and this habit isn't hard to teach. It's merely an addition to the "sit down" trick. Using the corner of the room again, make your dog sit down and then gently pull his front legs out from under him until he lies prone. The command for this is "down".

In a subsequent article I'll tell more about the teaching of basic lessons and just how it is done in one of the professional training schools. You may find this interesting, and, in the meantime, if your dog has learned the few simple stunts listed here, he'll be a much better companion—and a more useful one.

EXECUTIVE ORDER AND PROCLAMATION

To All Subordinate Lodges and Members of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America
GREETING:

The Grand Exalted Ruler, by and with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, acting on authority given him by resolution of the Grand Lodge at its session held in Miami, Florida, in July, 1950, does hereby proclaim that the next session of the membership and representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks will convene in Chicago, Illinois, July 1, 1951, with the opening and public meeting to be held on the evening of July 1st. The opening business meeting will convene on Monday morning, July 2, 1951, at which time the election of officers for the ensuing year will be made. Business sessions will continue thereafter each morning at 9:30 o'clock, on July 3rd, 4th, and 5th, until the business to come before the sessions is finished.

Grand Lodge headquarters will be established at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago.

JOSEPH B. KYLE, Grand Exalted Ruler

Attest: J. E. MASTERS, Grand Secretary

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Once Upon a Crime

(Continued from page 7)

Slappey. He even found himself wishing that his luck were not so stupendously good, or that his greatest winnings should not be always from Mr. Twigg. Surrounded by his cronies, he yet had a sense of being alone. They were interested but aloof. This was poker: it was every man for himself.

FLORIAN got the deal. He shuffled deftly, gave an extra expert riffle, handed the cards to Jasper de Void for a cut, and dealt swiftly. Bunching his cards, he held them close against his puny chest, thumbing them back one by one.

Slowly, superbly, a miracle unfolded: nine of hearts, jack of hearts, ten of hearts, king of hearts. He blinked and hesitated before peeping at the last card. It couldn't be! Never had he held a pat straight flush. The next card was bound to be a stranger, something very black. Then he looked.

It was the queen of hearts! Mr. Slappey had dealt himself a virtually unbeatable hand.

Acey Upshaw passed, Lawyer Chew opened for a quarter, Brutus Twigg—obviously gleeful—saw the quarter and raised it another quarter. Semore Mashby stayed. Epic Peters and Jasper de Void dropped. Florian shoved in three white chips.

"Raise you two bits," he announced.

Lawyer Chew hesitated, then met the two raises. Brutus Twigg flipped a quarter into the pot and followed it with a blue chip. Semore Mashby quit. Florian raised another dollar and Lawyer Chew folded.

The atmosphere was suddenly electric. Here, in the making, was the greatest duel of the evening. They watched Brutus Twigg as he scanned again his magnificent four aces and raised another dollar. They gasped as, bland and imperturbable, Florian boosted it again.

Mr. Twigg wasn't worried. "This time," he said, "you slipped, Mistuh Slappey. What you is about to git is ruint." He produced his wallet and extracted therefrom a roll of bills he had borrowed from his buxom girl friend, the Widow Billings, and bought some more chips. "Up another dollar," he said.

Florian re-raised with the calm assurance of the expert. Brutus hesitated, decided to play it smart, and merely called. Already the pot was the fattest of the evening.

"Cards?" inquired Florian, picking up the deck.

"I'll play these," said Brutus.

"Me too."

Then the fireworks really started. The other players faded into the smoke-laden background where they watched the battle with bated breath.

Back and forth went the raises. Vitriol dripped from the tongue of Mr. Twigg.

Florian was all sweetness and light. Finally Mr. Twigg rose from the table, slowly and solemnly removed his coat and rolled up his sleeves, disclosing forearms which would have aroused envy in the bosom of Gargantua.

"Just in case," said Mr. Twigg.

For the first time, then, Mr. Slappey knew real fear. The huge pile of chips in the middle of the table would soon belong to him—and goodness knew he needed it if his business was to remain solvent—but it occurred to him that money wasn't worth while if it was to be used exclusively to pay his own funeral expenses.

All evening long, Mr. Twigg had been voicing doubts of his opponent's integrity. Mr. Twigg unquestionably had a powerful hand. Florian had dealt. He had a profound hunch that if and when he spread his king-high straight flush on the table, something would explode.

He said, "Ain't no use sendin' you into bankruptcy, Brother Twigg. I call."

Brutus showed his four aces and reached triumphantly for the pot.

"Just a minute..." Florian's voice was not quite steady as he placed his own cards face upward. "Looks like I got you beat this time."

Brutus Twigg stared in horror and disbelief. Then his lips opened and a roar of rage emerged.

"You dirty crook!" he howled. "Deal-in' yo'se'f that kind of a hand..."

Lawyer Chew and Acey Upshaw protested that Florian was a scrupulously honest player, but their words went unheeded.

"Ain't nobody never done that to Brutus Twigg an' got away with it," yelled Mr. Twigg. "I ain't aimin' to stand fo' it. That money is mine, an' Ise takin' it."

He started pulling the chips toward himself. He counted them swiftly, then swung on Semore Mashby, the shriveled little gent who had been banking the game. "Cash 'em in!" he ordered. "An' be quick."

Mr. Mashby was shaking with terror. Since no one else in the room made a move to stop this iniquitous thing Brutus was doing, Semore certainly had no intention of handling the situation himself. Tremblingly, he counted Florian's money into the big paw of Brutus Twigg. Florian shrieked protest, but it availed him nothing.

With the money in his pocket, Mr. Twigg circled the table. He grabbed Mr. Slappey and yanked him to his feet. Then twice, thrice, he slapped him across the face.

"That'll learn you to crook Brutus Twigg," he said.

Mr. Twigg departed in a cloud of sulphur, leaving the members of The Full House Poker Club shaken and aghast.

Florian sat trembling with rage, over-

whelmed by his own futility. In the eyes of his friends he found sympathy but no physical assistance.

After a long time he rose shakily.

"I'll git even with Brutus Twigg," he vowed, "if it's the last thing I ever do."

And he scarcely heard the prophetic remark of one of the other members: "It most likely will be," stated that gentleman.

WINTER had descended upon Birmingham. The air was as chill as Florian's mood as he walked slowly and miserably toward Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house on Avenue F.

All night long he lay awake, smarting under the indignity which had been inflicted upon him, wondering how or when or if he could make good his boast of vengeance.

Actually, he was out only eighteen dollars since most of the money Brutus had swiped had represented Florian's winnings, but Mr. Slappey knew better than to figure that way. True, he had entered the game with a cash capital of eighteen dollars and finished with nothing, but the final pot, which had contained eighty-three dollars and had been appropriated by Brutus Twigg, was actually Florian's property. He was out that amount, no matter which way you sliced it, and, what was almost more important, he realized that the news would already have been bruited about the city to the great impairment of his prestige.

"Private eyes," he reflected gloomily, "always git beat up, but they don't usually git beat up an' robbed, too."

He stuck Bud Peaglar for a stack of wheatcakes and two cups of coffee, and then continued sadly to his office. Abysmal misery went with him as he gave thought to the fact that his detective business would soon be referred to in the past tense. Stark truth was that he was worse than insolvent: he was just plain busted.

Miss Rosabel Johnson greeted him eagerly. "Somebody been callin' you constant fo' the las' hour, Florian."

"Who?"

"Feller named Melvin Q. Manifold. He's in the real estate business."

"Tha's all I need," moaned Mr. Slappey. "Somebody should now try to sell me a house."

"That ain't what he had in mind," explained Rosabel. "He says he's got a case fo' you—a detectin' case."

The effect of her announcement was immediate and startling. Florian rushed to his desk and dialed the telephone number Miss Johnson had left there for him.

Mr. Manifold turned out to be the possessor of a thin, nasal, somewhat querulous voice, but he said he'd be right over. Mr. Slappey shoved a batch of papers at his secretary and instructed her to look busy. He took another handful of documents and pretended to immerse himself in them. When, eventually, Mr. Melvin Q. Manifold entered, Florian kept him

waiting for a full five minutes while he finished doing nothing. Then he looked at his visitor and found himself definitely unimpressed.

Mr. Manifold was nothing to get excited about. He had a pinched face, narrow-set eyes and a worried expression. Not too difficult, figured Mr. Slappey, to dazzle a runt like that. But Melvin's first words altered that situation.

"No marks," stated Mr. Manifold.

"Says which?"

"You ain't marked up hahdly a-tall. Seems like Brutus Twigg must be slip-pin'."

Mr. Slappey said "Oh!" as his ego started vanishing. "You heard 'bout las' night?"

"Ev'ybody heard about it. It must of been awful funny."

Mr. Slappey regarded his visitor with distaste. "Listen, Two-Bits," he said. "Brutus Twigg shoved me aroun' 'cause he's ten times as big as me an' a hundred times as strong. But no li'l sawed-off, slab-sided chitlin' like you can't git away with insultin' me."

"Aw shuh . . ." Mr. Manifold smiled placatingly. "I wasn't tryin' to needle you, Brother Slappey. Fack of the matter is, I come heah to do you a favor. I got a job fo' you."

"How come you selected me?"

"'Cause there ain't nobody else in Bumminham crazy enough to take this case."

Florian struggled to control his temper. He transfixed Mr. Manifold with a baleful eye which appeared to disturb his client not at all. Finally the visitor spoke.

"Was you se'ious," he inquired, "about cravin' to git revenge on Brutus Twigg fo' beatin' you up?"

Smoldering anger sent a shudder through Florian. "I was," he stated. "Ise gwine make that feller regret the day he was born."

"Then," said Melvin, "you is gwine love this case on account Mistuh Twigg is right in the middle of it. Minute I heard 'bout las' night, I knowed you was my man."

"You mean," inquired Florian, uncertainty commencing to creep up on him, "that in this case I got to do somethin' to Brutus Twigg?"

"Uh-huh. Less'n he does somethin' to you fust."

"Ise pretty busy . . ."

"I know. But this is a chance to uphold yo' honor."

"Fumadiddles! What I crave is cash—a lotta cash."

"Cash, too," stated Mr. Manifold cheerily. "When an' if."

"What you mean: When an' if?"

"When you put it over on Brutus Twigg, an' if you is still alive."

Detective Slappey experienced a twinge of apprehension. He demanded details.

"Well," explained Melvin Q. Manifold, settling himself in his chair, "I had a gal an' she done me wrong."

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"You mean she run off with another man?"

"Nope. It is worse than that. She run off with my automobile."

"Stold it?"

"Wrong again. I loant it to her. But she never give it back to me, nor neither she ain't plannin' to. 'Stead of that, she's lettin' her boy friend drive it."

"I thought you was her boy friend."

"Was, Florian; was. Not is."

"What's her boy friend named?"

"Brutus Twigg. This gal . . . her name is Mrs. Hattie Billings . . . she jest sweet-talked me long enough to borrry my car. Then she throwed me over, put my car in the hands of Brutus Twigg, an' he keeps it locked in a garage behind where he lives at."

Mr. Slappey experienced an admixture of relief and disappointment. "You don't need me," he said. "Who you want is Lawyer Evans Chew. You got title to that car, so he gits a writ of replever an' recovers it back fo' you."

"Oh, no . . ." Mr. Manifold shook his head. "'Cause the minute I done such—no matter how legal it was—Mistuh Twigg would start takin' it out of my hide. same as he done to you last night. I got to git this car back superstitiously."

Rosabel Johnson poked her head in the doorway. "Surreptitiously," she corrected, and vanished.

Mr. Manifold then told Florian something about his busted romance, and at the same time briefed him on Mrs. Billings.

She was, he explained, a buxom female, moderately well supplied with worldly goods, thanks to the defunctness of a recent husband who had been considerate enough to insure his life when he still had it. "I don't mean she's rich," he explained, "but neither she ain't broke."

"Look," broke in Florian. "I done explained how you can git that car back legal. You say you is scared of what will happen to you if you does. I figger you want me to git it fo' you. But the minute you git it—no matter how—Brutus Twigg still will light on you like a ton of bricks."

"Nossuh. An' you know why? On account he won't know fo' sure."

"Why not?"

"'Tse gwine give you my key to the car, plus a writin' permittin' you to drive it. You find the car, ride off in it, an' go straight down to Bessemer. I got it just about as good as sold to a man that lives there. He's gwine pay me seven hund'ed dollars cash money when I deliver the car. The minute the deal goes through, you git one-third of the purchase price as a fee. An' I'll be safe on account Brutus Twigg an' Hattie Billings won't know where the car is."

"I dunno . . ." started Florian, but Melvin interrupted.

"Fum what I been hearin', Detective Slappey, you could sho' use two hund'ed an' thirty-three dollars an' thirty-

three cents. At the same time you git revenge on Brutus Twigg. What mo' could you ask?"

"Good health. If Brutus ever found out . . ."

"Ain't no reason he should. You is a detective, ain't you? How come you cain't work this case under cover?"

Confronted with the opportunity he thought he wanted. Mr. Slappey wasn't at all sure that he liked it. But he was desperate. His honor and prestige were riding on this, not to mention his liking for sufficient good eatments to keep him alive. Being financially flat, and having a hatred of malnutrition, he wheedled \$25 expense money out of his new client. Then, remembering with a shudder that he once had been used as a catpaw, he demanded to see the bill of sale which established Melvin Q. Manifold's title to the car. Thereupon the two men shook hands and parted.

MR. SLAPPEY ate well that night, but his sleep was made hideous by nightmares. He entertained no illusions about what might happen to him if Brutus Twigg caught him in the act of repossessing Mr. Manifold's car. Mr. Slappey had an uncomfortable suspicion that Mr. Twigg—having been in the wrong in the poker episode—would be nursing the sort of mammoth grudge which can only sprout from the seedling of a guilty conscience.

The following morning Florian labored diligently—and for almost half an hour—on a document which he captioned **LAST WILL AND TESTIMONY OF F. SLAPPEY, ESQ.** Then, the implications of the document being what they were, he tossed it forlornly into the wastebasket.

He devoted a portion of that day to getting closeups of Mrs. Hattie Billings. Mr. Manifold had been charitable in describing her as "buxom". Actually, her architecture was Amazonian, and she possessed bigger biceps than any lady was entitled to have.

Mr. Slappey borrowed an automobile from his friend Acey Upshaw, who owned and operated a casual taxicab service, and he used this ancient vehicle to tail Mrs. Billings and Mr. Twigg whenever they went riding in Mr. Manifold's car—which was frequently.

Florian had studied the art of shadowing most earnestly, and he was happily convinced that this part of the job, at least, he was doing expertly. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, he could not overhear a conversation which occurred one day between Mrs. Billings and Mr. Twigg as they rode around in the Manifold chariot with Florian a few hundred yards in the rear.

Mr. Twigg, who was driving, looked into his rearview mirror and chuckled. He said, "Yonder he comes."

"Who?"

"That feller Slappey which calls hisself a detective. Ain't no question Broth-

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er Manifold must of hired him to git his car back."

"You wouldn't like that, would you, Brutus?"

"Nossuh. I sort of love this veehicle. Ise always craved a car." Mr. Twigg shrugged his massive shoulders. "But I ain't worried 'bout Florian Slappey. Does he make one false step he's gwine wake up in Keefe Gaines's undertakin' shop. Fum that feller I a'ready stood twice too much."

Mrs. Billings shivered deliciously. "You is so terrible, Brutus," she said. "But just the same, I sometimes git scared somethin' might happen to you."

Mr. Twigg assured her that no such thing was possible, especially since the two appointed instruments of his discomfiture were half his size and less than a tenth of his muscularity. He even stated that he enjoyed the spice of illegality which went with their possession of Melvin Q. Manifold's car. Mrs. Billings was admiring but uncertain, and there the matter dropped temporarily.

For five days Detective Slappey labored diligently. He had learned all there was to know about the life and habits of his two suspects, but all of it added up to make him unhappy. There was one forlorn hope, and one only . . . which was that some day he might encounter Mrs. Billings driving the car alone. In that case he'd follow her wherever she went, and appropriate the automobile as soon as she left it alone. It was a slim chance, and Florian didn't think it would work, but he hung on for the simple reason that he had no other clients, no other cases.

Late Saturday afternoon, Florian dropped into the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor to warm himself with a cup of hot chocolate. The weather was grim, gray and forbidding. What had started

out as a thin rain had changed to sleet: the pavements were slippery, and Acey Upshaw had made that the excuse for withdrawing the loan of his car from Mr. Slappey.

In the Gold Crown, Florian ran across Mr. Melvin Q. Manifold. He had nothing to report, and he did so at great length. Melvin stated that he was not impatient. He'd been without the car for a considerable period, and was willing to bide Florian's time.

They left the place together and walked toward Mr. Manifold's office where they stood in the doorway chatting.

It was then that something happened. Across the street from Melvin's real estate office was Minerva Much's Sal6n de Beaut6. Through the gelid murk of the evening came a car bearing a familiar license number. At the wheel was Mrs. Hattie Billings.

"Yonder's my car," exclaimed Melvin, grabbing Florian's arm. "An' Hattie's in it alone. I think she's fixin' to park. If she does . . . Florian, tha's the chance you been waitin' for."

Mrs. Billings parked the car, not without difficulty, clambered out and vanished into Minerva Much's Shop.

"On yo' way, feller," snapped Melvin Q. Manifold, giving Florian a shove. "I'll be in my office or either at home waitin' to heah fum you. Heah's where I git my car back an' you git rich."

THUS FLORIAN was propelled to action, without having time to weigh the pros and cons carefully. He half ran, half skidded across Eighteenth Street, narrowly avoiding disaster in the heavy Saturday night traffic. He leaped into the driver's seat, produced the ignition key with which Mr. Manifold had provided him, started the motor and headed in the general direction of the South Pole. For better or worse, for richer or poorer, Private Eye Slappey was definitely committed.

As he bumped across the L. & N. railroad tracks and continued southward, his early apprehension vanished and a feeling of exaltation, born of accomplishment, came to him. There couldn't nobody say he wasn't a man of action.

Each turn of the wheels, each throb of the motor, widened the distance between himself and Mrs. Hattie Billings. His thoughts dwelt cozily on a number of things: on the sizable fee he would soon collect from Melvin Q. Manifold, on the revenge he would have exacted on Brutus Twigg, on the reestablishment of his own self-respect.

He crossed Red Mountain, using the utmost care on the icy road. It was his idea to travel to the thriving little city of Bessemer the long hard way, using a circuitous—but safe—route. From there he'd telephone Mr. Manifold of the successful conclusion of his mission, there he would wait until his client appeared to consummate the sale of his car. Mr. Slappey felt such an overwhelming sense



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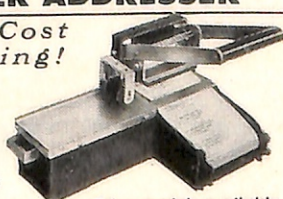
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of happiness that he knew he must sing. He threw back his head and caroled:

Ooooooooooh!

A jaybird sat on a hick'ry limb,
He look at me, an' I look at him.
I pick up a rock an' I hit him in the chin,
He say, "Please, Mistuh Slapppy, don't do that ag'in."

The song ended. There was a moment of silence, then a deep voice sounded from the back of the sedan.

"You know, Florian," stated the voice. "You sing almost as bad as you play poker."

A cold feeling started at the base of Mr. Slapppy's spine and commenced to work up. "What I got," he thought frantically, "is a promotion of disaster." "I still got four aces," continued the voice in the rear, "but you ain't got no straight flush."

"Is you . . . is you . . ." Mr. Slapppy's moistened lips which suddenly had parched. "Is you Brutus Twigg?"

"That's the one man I ain't nobody else but."

"H-h-h-how come you is heah?"

That query struck Mr. Twigg as vastly amusing. "Shuh!" he explained. "I was sleepin' heah all the time. Me an' Hattie been knowin' fo' sev'ral days that you was workin' fo' Melvin Q. Manifold, so when she said she wanted to git a

beauty treatment, I decided to catch a li'l shuteye in the back seat."

Mr. Twigg was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "This is awful funny, ain't it, Florian?"

Mr. Slapppy did not answer. The catastrophic possibilities were commencing to add up. He was thinking so intently that he relaxed his vigilance just a trifle and the car slewed violently.

"Keep you mind on yo' business," commanded Mr. Twigg sharply. "An' keep drivin'. Us is goin' some place."

"Where?"

"Any spot where it's lonely. Then Ise gwine give you a first-rate goin'-over, after which you can have the pleasure of walkin' all the way back to Bumminham."

Mr. Slapppy was wallowing in the nethermost depths of the slough of despond. He felt that to depart this mortal coil in so ignominious a fashion was beneath his dignity. He said, in a voice which carried no conviction, "You is all wrong, Brother Twigg. I never crooked you in that poker game. I don't even know how to deal seconds."

"Says you. But anyway, that don't make no neverminds. Now, pull over to the side of the road an' stop the car, but don't turn the motor off."

Florian obeyed. Brutus got out of the car, opened the front door and wedged himself under the wheel. "Slide over," he commanded. "Ise drivin' fum now



THE STORY OF OUR MARCH COVER:—Early last December, it occurred to us that a baseball cover would be appropriate for March and we decided on the situation of the star player weighing in over weight, thereby alarming not only the trainer but his pennant-minded teammates. Next problem was to obtain authentic background. To do this, artist Ric Grasso visited the office of the New York Yankees, who graciously lent the road uniform Johnny Lindell wore when he was with the team. To provide clubhouse background, the picture above, taken at the Yankees' Florida training camp a couple of years ago, also was borrowed. In it you can see the windows and locker layout that appear on the cover, as well as Tommy Henrich, at far left, and Lindell, at right, selecting their gloves, along with three rookies. If there seems to be an abundance of catchers' mitts on our cover, the artist is in the clear according to the Yankee picture.

on, 'till us gits to a place so far away nobody won't heah you no matter how loud you yell."

Florian tried persuasion, cajolery, flattery and even a spot of bribery. Mr. Twigg listened, but refused to compromise.

"You is gwine git it, Brother Slappey, no matter what you say. So there ain't no use throwin' good breath after bad."

Florian's brain was functioning fast, but in circles. There was one slim hope: that when the car stopped he—Mr. Slappey—could make a dash for freedom, that he could vanish into the frozen forest and thus avoid the evil thing which was in store for him. Mr. Twigg said conversationally, "I know what you is thinkin', Florian. It ain't gwine git you nowhere. In this heah darkness, you wouldn't be able to see yo' han' befo' yo' face."

Brutus was driving with great glee and with utter disdain for the dangerous road conditions. He swung off the main highway and traversed a winding, rutty trail through the hills. There were trees on both sides of the road and lots of darkness in all directions. The windshield was coated with a thin film of sleet, and occasionally the wheels skidded . . . but none of this appeared to disturb Mr. Twigg who handled the car with casual indifference.

Then suddenly—before Florian could shout a warning—before he was even aware of the danger, disaster struck. There was a sharp, unexpected curve which Mr. Twigg did not see until too late; there was a breath-taking skid, a wrong whirl of the steering wheel . . . then the crash as the car rocketed head-on into an unyielding pine tree. Florian heard the shriek of steel, the shattering of glass, a howl of terror from the driver . . . and then he blanked out.

HOW long he remained unconscious, he never knew. When he eventually opened his eyes, his head was throbbing, his bones ached . . . and there was no sound save the slow, mournful dripping of water from the branches of the trees.

Off to his left he saw a forbidding hulk which he figured to be the remains of the sedan which was legally the property of Mr. Melvin Q. Manifold. It apparently had folded up like an accordion.

With extreme difficulty, Mr. Slappey staggered to his feet, satisfied himself that no bones were broken, and lurched toward the car. His eyes, somewhat accustomed to the gloom, probed inside where he discerned the figure of Brutus Twigg draped over the wheel. He heard a sepulchral groan.

"Ise daid," announced Mr. Twigg.

"You ain't daid," corrected Florian. "But you sho' messed up this heah automobile."

"Me an' you bofe."

"Nope. You was drivin', Brutus—remember that."

Mr. Twigg said he remembered, and in

brief and graphic language he outlined the inevitable fury of Mrs. Hattie Billings when she should learn the story of the night's happenings, but at the same time he found cause for a distorted merriment.

"That Melvin Q. Manifold is sho' gwine be s'prised to git his automobile back, ain't he, Florian? She was a good car while she lasted."

"Hmph!" snorted Mr. Slappey. "He'll sue you fo' damages."

"Tha's the most thing I ain't scared of," stated Brutus Twigg with unanswerable logic. "If he was 'fraid to reposess that car, he sho' ain't gwine git me mad by suin' me." His voice took on a beseeching quality. "He'p me out of heah, Florian."

Mr. Slappey pulled and tugged, Brutus assisting as much as possible. Finally he was pried loose, but as he half fell, half slid, from under the wheel he emitted a howl of agony.

"Oh, whoa is me!" he yelled. "My ankle!"

He tried to stand, and fell flat on his face. Florian stared down at him feeling that Justice was now at work. It was good to see the giant of whom he had been so terrified lying prone in front of him. Whatever the future might hold, Florian was at this moment master of the situation.

"Car busted," remarked Mr. Slappey cheerfully. "We is miles fum nowhere. Yo' ankle is twisted so you cain't walk. Reckon there ain't nothin' you can do but stay right there until you freeze to death."

"An' you, Brother Slappey?"

"Me?" Confidence was returning to Florian in large chunks. "Ain't nothin' wrong with my ankle. Ise all over one big ache, but I can walk. Reckon I'd better be on my way." He waved airily. "Nice to of met you, Mistuh Twigg."

"You wouldn't!" Horror struck at Mr. Twigg. He sat up with difficulty and propped himself against the trunk of a tree. "As a feller member of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, I call on you to desist me."

Mr. Slappey wedged himself into the driver's seat. He fussed around with a few gadgets, tentatively pressed the starter and, miraculously, the motor roared. Shutting out the gleeful yell which burst from the lips of Mr. Twigg, Florian tried out his gears. It soon became obvious that the car would operate in low, but that there could be no further shifting.

Despite cold and bodily ache, Mr. Slappey was feeling good. He looked down on his foe. "This time also," he said, "I didn't stack the cards, but once again Ise holdin' a straight flush."

"Quit talkin' with yo' mouth an' git me out of this mess."

Florian found a cigarette and lighted it with superb insouciance. "Me an' you has got a lot of negotiatin' to do, Brother Twigg," he commented.

"'Bout which?"

"You is in a fix. You wrecked the car. Sooner or later you has got to face Hattie

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Billings. You can't walk on that ankle, nor neither you can't drive. Without my he'p you ain't no better off than one acorn with six squirrels gathered aroun'."

"Aw, Florian . . ."

"Don't go aw-in' me, Brutus. I got things to say. I can git you out of this free an' clear. But befo' I do, you got to gimme back that eighty-three dollars you tooken off me in the poker game."

Brutus protested vehemently. Mr. Slappey's answer was to start toward the car with the announced intention of deserting the large man.

Mr. Twigg capitulated for the simple reason that there was nothing else he could do. He handed Florian his wallet and from it Mr. Slappey extracted the precise amount which would have been his had that final poker hand been played out on its merits.

"An' just remember this, Brutus. I ain't scared of you no mo'. It'll be long time befo' you can run fast enough to catch me."

Mr. Twigg had been reduced to a state of innocuous desuetude. He was a frightened, cringing hulk, dependent upon Florian for mental and physical support. He swore mightily that Mr. Slappey would be his friend forever if he'd get him out of this mess. And if Mr. Slappey—with his magnificent brain—could come up with a scheme calculated to save him from the wrath of Mrs. Hattie Billings . . .

"Okay," said Mr. Slappey calmly. "Can do. Now leave us head for home."

Eventually he got the limping, groaning Brutus into the car and then started the long, ghastly trip back to the city.

The car would operate only in low gear. Time after time they had to stop to keep the radiator from boiling over. They consumed hours covering ground which should have been negotiated in slightly more than that number of minutes. Dawn was breaking when they finally crept over the crest of Red Mountain and looked down upon the great, sprawling industrial city of Birmingham.

"Look, Brutus," he said. "I done schum me a scheme."

"'Bout which?"

"'Bout how Hattie Billings ain't never gwine know nothin' of what happened to-night . . . 'bout you drivin' the car into a tree an' such. It's a good scheme, but if you ever lay a hand on me in the future, Ise gwine start tellin' the truth."

Brutus protested undying, unswerving friendship and discretion. He begged for details.

"It's thisaway," explained Mr. Slappey. "At this hour, there ain't nobody awake, even Hattie Billings. So we drive this car into yo' garage an' lock it up. Then you take a col' chisel an' bust the garage door lock, like as if someone broke in, stole the car an' smashed it up. Let Hattie find the car fust, an' you is to be as s'prised as she is. Esplain that you got a chill waitin' fo' her outside that beauty shop, an' decided to go to yo'

boardin' house an' go to bed. Then, you tell her, you passed into subconsciousness an' never knowed nothin' 'til this mawnin'."

Hope dawned in Brutus's eyes. "You—you reckon she'll think I'm lyin'?"

"Maybe. But she couldn't never prove it . . . less'n you done me dirt an' I come up with the truth."

Mr. Twigg was effusively, almost tearfully, grateful. He declared that Florian Slappey was the grandest, brainiest, most generous gentleman he'd ever met.

The car was placed in the garage where it presented a thoroughly woebegone appearance. The two men shook hands, pledged themselves to everlasting secrecy, and parted.

Florian went back to his boarding house and crawled into bed. A few minutes he was asleep. It was 10:30 when he awoke.

IN THE clear light of a new day things looked good but not perfect. On the credit side of the ledger there were several things: He no longer had valid reason to fear sudden and complete extermination at the hands of Brutus Twigg; he had exacted from that gentleman the eighty-three dollars which was rightfully his; honor had been satisfied, and the future seemed not too untroubled.

But—and this, reflected Florian, was an immense item—there was still the little matter of Melvin Q. Manifold.

Mr. Manifold would be disappointed. He'd never be able to sell the car the way it was now, except perhaps to a junk dealer. Therefore, since Florian's emolument had been fixed on a contingent basis, Mr. Slappey would receive one-third of nothing instead of one-third of seven hundred dollars.

Florian had wanted that \$233.33 most desperately, but matters had been taken out of his hands. There was now nothing he could do about it. The misery he had shed the previous night returned to him, and by the time he reached his office he was once again in a blue mood.

"Honor is without profit," he reflected sadly, "even in this country."

He walked into his office where Rosabel Johnson greeted him anxiously. She informed him that the telephone had been buzzing all morning. Mr. Melvin Q. Manifold insisted that Mr. Slappey come immediately to see him. Florian nodded unhappily and trudged off on the dreary errand.

Mr. Manifold was sitting behind his desk in the cubicle at the rear of his place which he called his private office. Florian noted that his client's face was radiant, and he loathed the thought that such happiness would soon be dispelled.

"Mawnin', Brother Slappey," greeted Melvin cheerily. "You kinda look like you been chopped up by a meat grinder."

Florian merely nodded, postponing until the ultimate moment the unpleasant story which must be told.

"I sho' congratulate you fo' the way you

handled this case," enthused Mr. Maniford. "Next time I need the services of a detective . . ."

"Listen," interrupted Florian. "They ain't gwine be no next time. Heah's why."

Florian thereupon launched into a detailed story of the night's misadventures. He watched for signs of disapproval, but saw none. On the contrary, Mr. Maniford appeared to be enjoying the story hugely.

Florian finished his tale of woe. And then an odd thing happened. Mr. Malvin Q. Maniford took out his wallet and meticulously counted out two hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents. "There," he said, shoving it toward Florian, "is yo' fee."

Mr. Slappey blinked. "Look," he protested. "I reckon you ain't been listenin' so good. The whole deal got fouled up."

"Uh-huh." Mr. Maniford rubbed his

hands together gleefully. "Ain't it wonderful?"

"Mr. Maniford . . . please . . . One of us is crazy. What you mean: Wonderful?"

"Just this, Florian. Right after you drove off in that car yestiddy afternoon, I come back to my office. 'Bout an hour later somebody else come in. They wanted to buy my car. They paid seven hund'ed dollars cash fo' it. So, you see, whatever occurred after that happened to *their* car, not mine."

"Great wigglin' tripes!" Florian was nonplussed, dumbfounded, overjoyed, exalted. Now indeed he was on the crest, financially and professionally. Then he thought of something. "Tell me," Brother Maniford, he said. "Who was fool enough to buy that car?"

"Hattie Billings bought it," announced Mr. Maniford happily. "She is giving it to Brutus Twigg for a wedding present."

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 23)

Colonial character of things will find tennis courts, a golf course and a fine swimming pool right on the property. Two fine hotels, the Williamsburg Inn and the Williamsburg Lodge, also are on the grounds. The Inn is the swankier of the two, done up with Regency decor, and woodburning fireplaces in many of the rooms. It charges \$7 to \$14 a day for a single room, not including meals, and anywhere from \$10 to \$18 for a double. All the rooms are air-conditioned and meals run from \$1 for breakfast to \$3.50 and up for dinner. Rates at the Colonial Cottages on the grounds of the Inn are about \$6 for a single; \$8 to \$10 for a double.

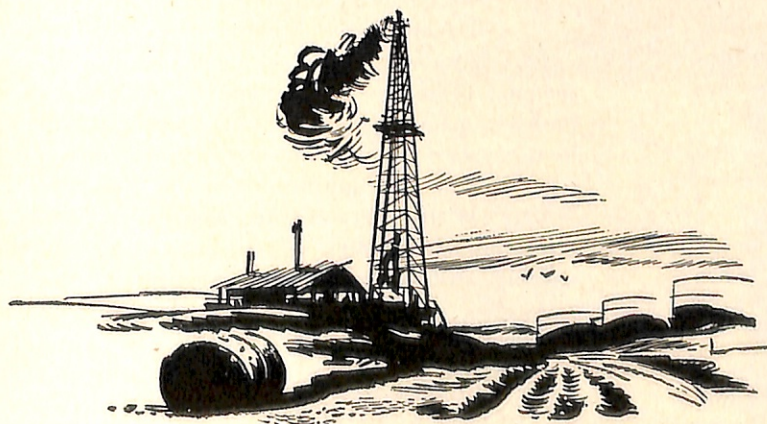
INEXPENSIVE VACATION

Larger, and more popularly styled, the Lodge asks from \$5 to \$6 for an air-conditioned single room and bath, or as low as \$3.50 for single room without bath or air-conditioning. Doubles are from \$7 to \$10. There is a large restaurant and coffee shop handy where the break-

fasts begin at forty-five centavos and the dinner at \$1.50.

All the mazuma collected from Williamsburg enterprises, which of course includes these two hotels, is poured back into the development, another way of saying that it is a non-profit enterprise. However, some of the finest motels in the land have sprung up just outside the Williamsburg perimeter. They are totally independent of the town and charge somewhat less than accommodations on the grounds.

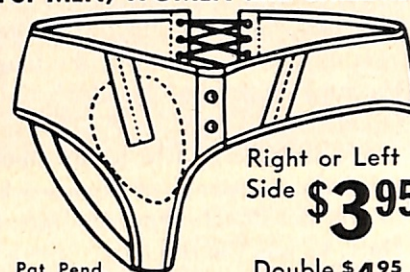
There are some other restaurants around, and I wouldn't miss having at least one meal at the ultra-Revolutionary Travis House. It advertises the fact that it follows the "Recipes approved by those who well understand the Art of Cookery." Fried chicken, Virginia ham, corn pudding, Sally Lunn (a yeast bread), pecan pie, and green gage ice cream are the specialties. "The food ferved here is of the fineft quality", Travis House maintains and who would want to difpute it?



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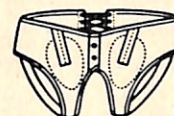
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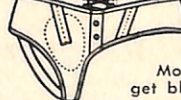
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editorial

CHARLES SPENCER HART

On another page of this issue appears a biography of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart.

It covers the record of the tangible activities and accomplishments of his life within and without the Order.

We shall refer here to his intangible attributes.

To the thousands of friends who really knew him he was not Charles Spencer Hart: he was not Colonel Hart: he was Charlie Hart.

Few men were better known in the advertising and publishing world. By the people in those industries he was recognized as a creative genius.

He possessed a charm of manner which enabled him to leave any gathering he was with a little happier—and smiling. He was a modest man. He always deprecated his own accomplishments, treating them lightly and humorously.

He touched life at many points and whatever he did he did with unusual skill and effectiveness. This applies to his advertising and publishing experiences. It applies to his public relations work. It applies to his discharge of duties in public office. In army public information activities in two wars, he did the unusual, the unexpected, the effective things.

His writings treated largely of subjects neglected by others. They were distinctive as were all the things he did.

Latterly he became interested in work for his church and breathed new life into its activities.

He was a loyal and devoted husband, a loving and intelligently directing father.

He always approached a problem or an opportunity from an angle which others failed to visualize.

He had the human touch in everything he did.

Wherever he went he brought sunshine and good spirit to those with whom he came in contact.

The world is a better world for his having lived.

TIME FOR RESOLUTENESS



About half of our lodges publish bulletins, ranging from mimeographed sheets to publications of many pages printed on coated stock with numerous pictures. We are privileged to see most of these bulletins and we are impressed by their generally excellent character.

We were particularly impressed by the message of Exalted Ruler Harry Ritzman that appeared in the January issue of *The Elk Bulletin*, official publication of Casper, Wyo., lodge, from which we quote:

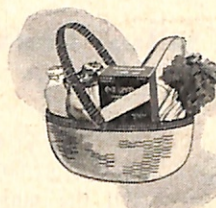
"This is the time of the year when most of us make good-natured resolutions . . . a time-honored method of admitting that there might

be some room for improvement in our ways. Well, go ahead and make those resolutions; they'll make you feel better. **But let's remember that in times like these, resoluteness is more urgent than resolutions.**

"Never before has the need been so great for resoluteness. We can guess but little of what may be expected of us in the uncertain days which lurk ahead. We do know that never before in the history of our country did we have more to lose . . . or a bigger opportunity of losing it. Resoluteness on the part of all to protect our heritages through unity of thought and action is our greatest hope. Resolutions or resoluteness? Let us be resolute and each do our part when it is given".

The Order of Elks is fortunate to have such articulate and thoughtful leaders as Brother Ritzman.

INGREDIENT FOR SUCCESS



"May God bless you and your work. I have never forgotten the basket."

That was the closing paragraph of a poignantly-phrased letter addressed to Galena, Ill., Lodge of Elks by a lady who, in remembrance and gratitude, sent the Lodge a check for 25 dollars last December "for your annual Christmas baskets that make so many people happy."

"I was one of the poor children 'way back about 30 years ago," the letter reads in part, "Who knew what it was to be poor and hungry, and at Christmas we looked forward to the basket the Elks brought with the goodies we had only once a year. No one knows what goes on in the heart of a poor kid except those who have suffered the pangs of hunger, cold and hand-me-down clothes, reminded wherever you went that you were a poor kid, hearing your mother pray each night with tears streaming down her face to provide for her little children."

"The Elks have always been an outstanding example of a group of men who build the morale of those in distress and want and they are one of the reasons why, today, I am a successful business woman. I hope that others who have been helped by the Elks in the past will remember their kindnesses."

This letter voices an eloquent plea for the continuance of this particular activity which is carried on by so many of our lodges. It does more than that. In it we may read a number of expressions and implications of real significance to the Order.

One is the gratifying assurance that the charitable activities of the Elks are so thoroughly and so lastingly appreciated.

Another is the thought-provoking expression that Elk charitable assistance not only gives material aid but, through the friendly manner of its distribution, builds morale to such a degree that it becomes an important ingredient for success in life.

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